

The Saturday Review

No 2118, Vol. 81.

30 May, 1896.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS.

NOTES	PAGE
537	
LEADING ARTICLES :	
The Cretan Disturbance	540
Obstruction and Closure	540
SPECIAL ARTICLES :	
A Survival. By R. B. Cunninghame	
Graham	542
African Cannibals. By a Travelling	
Correspondent	544
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES :	
The New Gallery	544
Colour Photography	546

New Music and a New Violinist. By	PAGE
J. F. R.	546
G. B. S. on Clement Scott. By	
G. B. S.	548
Money Matters : New Issues—The	
Hotel Cecil ; Jones & Higgins ;	
Invicta Gold Mines ; Kadur-Mysore	
Gold Mines ; Jay's ; United Austr-	
lian Exploration	549
CORRESPONDENCE :	
The Transvaal Prisoners	552
Lord Halifax's Bill	552
Hotel Charges	552
The Fault of the Britons. By Colonel	
G. Fraser	552

SUPPLEMENT :	PAGE
Further Telegrams from the Transvaal,	
and the Maps	553
REVIEWS :	
The Simple Art of Popular Pathos	557
The Romance of the Antilles	558
Professor Knight's Wordsworth	559
Travel and Sport	560
American Doggerel	561
Old Belfast	562
Fiction	562
A Batch of French Books	563
New Books and Reprints	564
ADVERTISEMENTS	565-572

NOTES.

[With this number is issued another Supplement.]

THE result of the Debate on the Chartered Company in the Cape Assembly deserves consideration. Mr. Merriman's motion for the revocation of the Charter was rejected by sixty votes to eleven, and Mr. Innes's amendment asking the Imperial Government to take over Rhodesia was negatived by forty-five to twenty-eight, while Mr. Schreiner's resolution condemning the raid and advising an inquiry into the circumstances connected with it, was agreed to without a division. Thus the Charter is saved, and Mr. Rhodes white-washed for all practical purposes. Even President Kruger will hardly expect the British Government to show itself severer towards Mr. Rhodes and the British South Africa Company than the Cape Assembly, with its majority composed of Afrikaners of Dutch descent.

The President will note further that not only the Associated Chambers of Commerce have resolved to petition on behalf of the Reform prisoners, but also the Afrikaner Bund ; all the Dutch papers, too, in South Africa are in favour of letting the Johannesburg Reformers go without further imprisonment—all, with the solitary exception of the "Volksstem," which, as we pointed out in our issue of a fortnight ago, is edited by a Hollander, and must be regarded as the mouthpiece of Dr. Leyds. At length on this matter English opinion has come to a perfect agreement with South African opinion, if we except the Hollanders, whose incitements to revenge President Kruger will do well to suppress. But counsels in Pretoria are divided. We hear that the Inspector of Prisons, Schiels, who is responsible for the conduct of the Pretoria gaol, and who is universally liked, has been displaced by a man called Schutte, who is noted for his harshness and for his British antipathies. On the other hand, we hear that the prisoners are now allowed to obtain their food from the outside on paying cash. Cannot President Kruger see that ever since Leyds's return to Pretoria he has made mistake after mistake : he would do well to follow the advice of Mr. J. H. Hofmeyr, and exercise mercy before further pressure is put upon him.

We publish in this week's Supplement facsimiles in little of the maps produced at the Pretoria trial by the Transvaal Government, in evidence of Jameson's intention to press on from Johannesburg to Pretoria and to overturn the Government of the Republic. As will be seen from our article on the subject, we do not think that these maps in themselves constitute proof of such a plan ; at the most they furnish a probability and afford ground for suspicion. Of course the Transvaal authorities may have further confirmation of their belief ; but they over-estimate so hugely the importance of

these maps that we are inclined to think that evidence amounting to proof of this intention on the part of Jameson is not to be obtained. The Transvaal authorities argue that Jameson could not have meant to stop in Johannesburg, where in forty-eight hours his forces would have been surrounded by four times their number of Boers ; he must have intended to make victory decisive by taking Pretoria, and by thus depriving the Boers of a rallying point. With such a belief rooted in their minds any hint or suggestion such as that afforded by these maps seems proof indubitable ; but it is our duty to tell the Transvaal Government that these maps will not be accepted in England as evidence, much less can they stand for proof.

Besides the maps we have received a copy of the bank-vouchers showing the growth of the revolutionary fund, and the copy of a telegram which has not yet appeared in any English paper, though it is of some importance. The text of another telegram, too, which at first reading seemed ambiguous, we are enabled to correct, with the advantage of obtaining clearness. These telegrams must be read together with the other telegrams culled from the Transvaal Green Book which appeared in the "Times" on Monday last, and so considered they go to prove two things—the complicity of the "Times" and the complicity of officials of the British Government in the Jameson adventure. These accusations are insisted upon by the Transvaal authorities, and they have not been sufficiently weighed by the British public. Yet the feeling of soreness shown by the Government of the South African Republic can hardly be expected to disappear until these charges are fairly met and fairly answered.

Let us take the more important charge first. I is asserted that Sir Sidney Shippard, an official of the British Government, used his official influence with the chief Ikanning in order to buy Pitsani Potlugo, the importance of which as a rallying point for Jameson's troops we have set forth in an article of our issue of 9 May. This assertion, we think, must be taken as proved by the publication of Sir S. Shippard's letter to the chief, a copy of which appeared in the "Times" of the 25th inst. Sir Sidney Shippard's introduction of Major R. White as prepared, "on his behalf," "to take over as the site of a camp and a seat of magistracy" the place where Jameson, screened from observation and unknown to the High Commissioner, collected his men from the north, is certainly unfortunate ; but, needless to say, it is not sufficient in itself to prove guilty knowledge. The Transvaal Government, however, declares that it possesses further evidence against Sir Sidney Shippard. Then there is the telegram from Dr. Jameson to Stevens which incriminates the other Resident Commissioner, F. J. Newton ; and, lastly, there are the charges we have felt ourselves compelled to formulate

against Sir Graham Bower. It all amounts to this, that three out of four of the chief British officials in South Africa are accused of favouring the invasion of a friendly State whose independence our Government had acknowledged.

These officials, one would think, ought to be called upon for explanations, and if their explanations are not satisfactory, they should be punished by their chief, the Secretary for the Colonies. Or does Mr. Chamberlain intend to close his ears to all complaints, and cover his subordinates by a pompous assurance of his belief in their entire and perfect innocence? The matter is in his hands, and is chiefly of interest to us inasmuch as it measures, not inexactly, the political morality of the time. Whoever studies these telegrams and the letters of Mr. Lionel Phillips in 1894 will see clearly enough that the first idea of using force against the Transvaal Government came from Lord Loch. This high official deliberately insinuated the notion of violence and the morality of successful revolt into the minds of the Johannesburgers. We take it for granted that he will not be punished for his strange conceptions of duty and right, and if he escapes who avows and glories in his guilt, his subordinates must also go scot-free. But the *personnel*, at least in South Africa, should be changed, and officials sent out whose ideals can be avowed and defended by the Home Government.

The position taken up by the "Times" in regard to the Jameson raid has caused intenser ill-feeling throughout South Africa than the shortcomings of British officials. After all, the chief British official in South Africa, Sir Hercules Robinson, stood for law and right during the crisis; and when it was known that Mr. Chamberlain supported him, it was felt that the British Government, in spite of the action of some of its officials, had freed itself from the suspicion of complicity with crime. But the "Times" began by abetting and encouraging the raid, and when that attitude had to be abandoned, it persisted in vilifying and traducing, not only the Government of the South African Republic, but the Boers themselves, with a virulence of language and a disregard for truth, or even for probability, which astounded every one. Astonishment gave place to indignation, and indignation to contempt. But since the publication of the cypher telegrams the "Times" seems to have resolved to mend its ways, and, therefore, we shall not insist further on its terrible mistakes. After all, a journal cannot blunder without paying for its errors in loss of authority.

As the whole duty of a statesman is, according to Swift, "always to keep his countenance, and never to keep his word," we can understand Lord Rosebery's irritation at being asked for a plain answer to a plain question. Being interrogated as to whether in a certain speech he did or did not mean that Home Rule should be abandoned by the Radical party, Lord Rosebery directs his private secretary to write that his correspondent puts "a somewhat pointed question," which he really must decline to answer. The adverb is delightful. It is bad enough to put a pointed question, but to put "a somewhat pointed question" to an ex-Prime Minister is plainly a grave indiscretion. How differently Mr. Gladstone would have handled this gentleman! How the "somewhat pointed question" would have been handled from this side and from that until its point was lost in the qualifications of the sophist and the verbosity of the rhetor. Perhaps this is Lord Rosebery's *ballon d'essai*; he may want to see whether the public will stand the throwing overboard of "a conscientious conviction," just as in 1885 the Grand Old Man got Mr. Herbert Gladstone to make a speech at Leeds in which Home Rule was adumbrated.

What is the precise object of the Agricultural Rating Bill? Is it to relieve persons who are suffering from the depression of agriculture? If so, it is clear that the clergy, who have suffered as much as landlords and farmers from the same cause, and who are the only class whose incomes are rated as well as taxed, ought to have been included in its purview. But we are told

that the object of the Bill is not to relieve suffering individuals, but to assist a languishing industry. If so, it is plain Protection, and it would have been more honest, as well as more efficacious, to have revived the shilling registration duty on corn, or to have given a bounty on every acre of wheat, or to have put a duty on foreign flour.

It is believed that the Government are by this time aware that they have made a mistake in excluding the owners of tithe from the relief of the Rating Bill. The reasons given by the Ministerialists for not including tithe rent-charge in the relief of agricultural land are (1) that it was not thought of in time; (2) that there is a large number of lay impropiators, to whom tithe is merely a portion of their income; (3) that tithe in many parts of the country—in Hastings, for instance—is now levied, not on agricultural land, but on shops and houses; (4) that there is going to be an inquiry into the whole subject. All this is cold comfort for the parson; for while the Government inquires he starves. Everybody pities him—*laudatur et alget*.

There was an unexpectedly amusing scene at the meeting of the Royal Society of Literature on Wednesday afternoon. This Society, which is composed of elderly gentlemen who have, no doubt, distinguished themselves in their respective walks in life, but whose connexion with Literature has to be assumed, had arranged for a quiet lecture on "Coincidences," by Professor Max Müller, and our worthy Lord Chancellor was in the chair. The Professor related a few of the well-known coincidences between the early origins of Christianity and ancient Oriental religions, and showed that certain of the aphorisms of the New Testament are identical with those in the Buddhist canon. All this is a commonplace to the inquiring schoolboy of our time, but to Lord Halsbury, whose theology is of the antediluvian order, it was rank heresy, and he rose and "went for" the unhappy Professor in that style which made the Mr. Hardinge Giffard of former days the delight of Old Bailey juries. He waved away coincidences by declaring that the Buddhist stories were heathen fables; whereas the stories of the New Testament were "not parables, but actual fact, supported by abundant evidence. When some old fable was dug up from the Eastern world and pitted against the Gospel, he preferred the latter (cheers)." This throws an interesting light at once on our Chancellor and on the Royal Society of Literature. The feelings of the Professor, who was not even allowed to know anything about the origin of the Alphabet, had better be left to the imagination.

The German Government is very sore over its practical defeat in the Socialist prosecution last week, the only result of which has been a good advertisement for the party which it was intended to disorganize by a blow struck at headquarters. So the semi-official papers, especially those which represent the views of the Throne rather than those of the Chancellor, are crying out for fresh laws of repression, and are hinting pretty clearly that a new Reichstag and, if necessary, a new Imperial Chancellor may be provided for this purpose. So long as the Socialists went in for dynamite and attempts to murder, the Government had public opinion with it in the severest repression; but the idea of extirpating the abstract political opinions entertained by a rapidly growing party which was able to poll close on two million votes at the last election seems a little absurd even in police-ridden Germany. The German Socialists are not to be judged by the antics of the feeble folk who call themselves by that name in this country. They are a well-organized and intelligently led Parliamentary party, with a powerful Press, and it is impossible to put an end to them by police measures. Even the War-lord Emperor will find this out before long.

Now that the reports of the Lothaire trial have reached Brussels, and have appeared in the newspapers, even the Foreign Office cannot much longer profess to be in ignorance of the details of this judicial scandal. We have so often urged the facts of the case on the Government that there is nothing to add, except it be

a passing remark upon the methods of "justice" on the Congo. A trial for murder is conducted thus in that favoured land: The accused occupies the opening day in making an oration to the Court, setting forth his virtues and his wrongs: several witnesses, who were not present at the murder, are called to express "approval" of the conduct of the prisoner: depositions reflecting on the murdered man's character are read: the public prosecutor does not put in an appearance, but a deputy is sent, who begins by lauding the "heroic qualities" of the accused, and ends by withdrawing the charges against him. When it is added that the murdered man was a British subject, whose ivory Major Lothaire wanted to get hold of, and that though the crime was committed over a year ago, the Foreign Office has "no information," and took no steps to be adequately represented at the trial, we have mentioned the main points that will be of interest to Englishmen.

Co-operation, which, after its first "boom" about the middle of the century, appeared to fall back for a time, has evidently taken a fresh start; for there is no getting over the facts reported at the Woolwich Conference this week. A movement that has over a million adherents, with sales amounting to £52,502,126 in a single year, has to be reckoned with, and as the members are the pick of the working classes, especially in the north of England, they are not likely to lose heart after such a foretaste of success. Production, whether in the shape of co-operative factories or co-operative farms, has been and is likely to continue a failure in most cases; for in such matters individual enterprise and individual skill count for more than good intentions spread over a committee; but in bringing together the consumer and the producer, and in assisting the "small" men to combine so that they can sell their goods as advantageously as the "big" men, there is room for enormous development. As Mr. Horace Plunkett put it at the Dublin Conference, "Co-operation has shown to small Irish farmers that, by combining together, they could buy, hire, and sell to better advantage collectively than individually," and that is the kernel of the question.

In Ireland co-operation scarcely existed five years ago; now it is rapidly covering the country, thanks, before all, to two men, Mr. Horace Plunkett, M.P., and Father Finlay, S.J. Last year there were 67 Societies, with 3,800 members; this year there are 112 Societies, with over 10,000 members; and 70 Societies, with an additional 5,000 adherents, are in course of formation. Co-operative dairying, co-operative credit, and co-operative supply of seeds and manures have been the chief departments up to the present; and the village shopkeepers are already up in arms against those by whom "their trade is endangered." The Irish shopkeeper is a combination of storekeeper, wholesaler, and money-lender. Thanks to these varied industries, he has half the farmers of the district in his debt on terms regulated by himself; and the prospect of losing this lucrative position causes him to howl—or, rather, the local newspapers, which depend for their existence on the shopkeepers' advertisements, do the howling. One of them referred to Mr. Plunkett, the other day, as "an inhuman monster," and adjured him to abandon "his hellish work." The fact is that the movement is succeeding as nothing else has succeeded in Ireland in living memory, and that the vested interests of the "gombeen man" are suffering in consequence.

M. Bourgeois still poses as the one strong man in France, and unless he has something more substantial opposed to him than the Méline Cabinet, it is likely that he will work his way back to power before long. In a very careful "programme speech," at Melun, on Tuesday, he declared for Revision of the Constitution in order to put an end to the power lately exercised by the Senate, in his own case, of overthrowing Ministers who still have the support of the Chamber. It does not sound a very inspiring cry, but when we remember what it did for General Boulanger, who for

his part, poor man, was never able to explain what it meant, it may go far in the mouth of an accomplished parliamentarian like M. Bourgeois. Meanwhile the Duc d'Orléans talks and writes letters, but does nothing.

Two or three years ago naval experts were full of alarm about the French torpedo station at Biserta, which, we were told, menaced communications between Malta and Gibraltar. The French Mediterranean squadron has turned up at the new harbour this week, but so far as can be judged by reports, there is nothing about the place that need cause much uneasiness in England. A lot of money has been spent in forming an "outer harbour" and in digging a channel nearly a mile in length leading to the "inner harbour," an enormous natural basin; but the whole place is almost as desolate as it was when the French Government determined to make a naval station of it in 1885. The works have been completed, and the great harbour is there, but in this case, as in so many others, trade shows no inclination to follow the flag, and the usual fate of French Colonies hangs heavy over the whole place. The Republic exports officials and functionaries of all classes, but the real colonist never arrives. Perhaps, after all, the Frenchman should be proud that he has made his country so attractive that no citizen will willingly stay away from it longer than he can help: but it is not the way to make colonies.

For some time past we have read all the newspaper accounts of accidents to bicyclists. These accidents may, it seems, be divided into two classes—those which happen to men who ride without brakes, and those which happen to women who lose their heads. The men are nearly always killed or hurt by losing control of the machine going downhill; the women nearly always by losing control, not of the machine, but of themselves. Now, to ride a bicycle without a brake, for the sake of saving a few ounces in weight, is a mad thing to do, and ought to be prohibited by law. A brakeless bicycle is as dangerous both to rider and public as would be a brakeless tram-car, and ought to be as illegal. As for the women, protection is more difficult. They get over-tired; they become hysterical; they hear a cart rattling behind them; they throw up their hands, and all is over. Bicyclists who ride about the crowded streets of London should remember that the rest of the traffic is there for business purposes, and that the promenader for pleasure should get out of the way. Still, some of the carmen and drivers are brutally careless.

Writing to Lord Strafford on 17 June, 1788, Horace Walpole complains: "We are burnt to the bone, and have not a lock of hay to cover our nakedness: oats are so dear that I suppose they will soon be eaten at Brooks's and fashionable tables as a rarity. The drought has lasted so long that for this fortnight I have been foretelling haymaking and winter, which June generally produces." If the wind continues to blow from the north-east, we are likely to have "not a lock of hay to cover our nakedness," and we shall soon be within measurable distance of a drought. The roads are as hard as iron, and the ruts seem literally frost-bound. Let us hope that this June will not produce winter.

Every one should visit the Imperial Institute and see and try the horseless carriages on exhibition there. They are more easily guided than any ordinary carriage, and can turn and stop in half the space that a horse going at the same speed would require. So far as we could understand, these carriages are driven both by oil and by electricity, but the most successful seems to be the Daimler motor driven by oil, and, even more wonderful still, the Pennington motor, which only weighs a few pounds, which is as handy as it is light, and which can be attached to a tricycle, though it develops two horse-power. There was a tricycle running about the grounds which, it is said, can go up to forty miles an hour, which is not unsightly, and which is certainly under better control than the tricycle propelled by muscles. Altogether the show is one of extraordinary interest.

THE CRETAN DISTURBANCE.

SINCE Lord Salisbury's famous warnings to the Sultan, at the Guildhall, in November last, and again at Brighton, the movement of events has tended steadily to strengthen the impression that a final dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire is at hand. The incompetency of the Sultan and the Pasha class to preserve the mere semblance of order in the Turkish dominions, to say nothing of ensuring decent government in any portion of them, is perhaps no more marked just now than it has been for years past. It is no new discovery that the Osmanli Turk of our time has lost the last vestige of his ancestors' capacity to rule. But the Armenian horrors have changed the resigned surprise, with which Christendom had accustomed itself to view the modern Turk's remarkable all-round unfitness to exert authority over anybody or anything, into a general feeling of active hostility toward him. International rivalries and jealousies may still avail to raise up for him protectors, or even allies. But he no longer has friends or sentimental well-wishers in any part of the civilized globe, and if the popular emotions of nations were inevitably reflected in the deeds of their Governments, not a finger would be lifted to avert his expulsion from Europe, or his extermination at the hands of the nominally Christian peoples whom he has so long and so grievously misruled. Unhappily or otherwise, the Foreign Offices of the Powers are not invariably guided by the public sympathies of the moment, and as the Levantine drama unfolds it may easily happen that the exigencies of diplomacy will bring forth supporters of the Turk in what would have seemed a few years ago most unlikely quarters. But even in the most cynical or optimistic of these Foreign Offices, we fancy no one doubts that the last bell is ringing for the Turk in Europe.

The signal for the upheaval was looked for, and was originally arranged to be given, in Macedonia. The recently arranged bargain by which Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria shook the dust of the ungrateful West from his feet, and consecrated his large talents for intrigue, treachery, and general scoundrelism to the service of the more appreciative East, seems, however, to have involved the understanding that Macedonia was to be kept quiet—at least, for the time being. So we have got the expected overture to disturbance from Crete.

It is still too early to form any hard-and-fast opinions about the murderous outbreak of violence reported from Canea and other districts of the island. So far as the intrinsic merits of the matter are concerned, there is precious little to choose between the Mohammedan and the Christian populations in this out-of-the-way corner of the world. They exist side by side in a state of mediæval barbarism by comparison with which daily life in the mountains of Corsica or among the Cossacks of the Kuban is one of enlightened civilization. Crete has no commerce, no industries, no roads, few schools, and no conception of the arts and crafts by which the modern community sustains itself. The Turks are in a majority in the towns, the Christians in the country parts. The former, when they are not soldiers of the garrison, or hangers-on of the big staff of officials from Constantinople, are small bazaar-merchants, or labourers; the latter, with the exception of a very small and superior class of professional and commercial townsmen, till the soil with the primitive appliances of the Middle Ages just sufficiently to obtain a bare subsistence. In neither race do the civilians attach any deep importance to the success of their business or the produce of their toil. They are civilians only under protest, and their true ambition is to be fighting men—the very word, *palikári*, is the most flattering and endearing epithet which can be applied to a Cretan. A grand vendetta, which has lasted for more than two centuries, absorbs the attention and interest of every male on the island, whether he says his prayers in a Greek church or a mosque. Private assassination is an every-day incident even in the quietest times. To discover the corpse of a murdered Christian or Turk on the highway outside the village is the commonest of occurrences. What would be rare would be an attempt to trace the identity of the murderers. The element of individual animus is indeed hardly to be suspected in

these familiar crimes. The victim has fallen because he was a Turk or a Christian, as the case may be, and the only redress which suggests itself to his friends is the taking of another life, quite in an impersonal way, to make the score even.

Under such a state of affairs it is manifestly impossible to be sure about the rights and wrongs of any particular episode in the prolonged racial feud. There is always provocation in Crete for any violence by either side. But it is here that the terrible stories from Armenia—terrible after every possible allowance for interested exaggeration has been made—come in to tip the balance fatally against the Turk. No one is in the mood now judicially to examine the question whether he is the aggressor or the aggrieved party. He has become so universally detested that the sympathy of Christendom instinctively goes out to anybody who makes a stand against him, and sheds his blood. Even the Macedonians, so called, despite our knowledge of the sordid machinery which underlies their revolutionary organization, would not have claimed this sympathy in vain. As for the Cretans in revolt, the heroic legends of the "Sphakioti" are recalled to the imagination from Byronic days at the first sight of the words Canea and Heraklion.

The fact that the cavasses of the Russian and Greek Consulates were killed in the earliest street fighting in the Cretan capital—later reports add also the cavass of the French Consulate—has a certain sinister opportuneness. These are the three countries which would best know how to utilize such a grievance against the Turkish Government. Even without this ground for common action, it is known that they would move together in anything affecting Crete. On the other hand, Austria has by far the largest practical concern in the condition of the island. Such small export trade as Crete enjoys has been created by the sedulous efforts and outlay of the Austrian Lloyd Company, and its imports are all from Trieste. Our own interests in the affair are sentimental and geographical rather than material and direct. Crete lies in a straight line, and almost equidistant, between Malta and Cyprus. So long as we are a Mediterranean Power, its ownership must be a matter of importance to us, and one in which our rights of interference, even if there were no treaty stipulations, could be justified on Imperial grounds.

It is, however, not so much a question of what happens to Crete itself, as of whether the outbreak there is not the beginning of a commotion which, before it is ended, will bring down the whole rotten fabric of the Turkish sovereignty. There have been numerous Cretan risings since the great insurrection of 1866-69, and of them all that of 1889 attained most nearly to the dignity of a war. But Europe then did not want to have the Eastern Question reopened, and so the Sultan was allowed to subdue the revolt in his own fashion. It is the uncertainty now as to whether some of the Powers are not willing to see Turkey's inevitable crisis precipitated this year, or, at the best, do not recognize the possibility of staving it off any longer, which constitutes the real menace of the situation. We shall see very soon whether the Macedonian Committee, acting for the newly organized Russian syndicate of Balkan States, treats the trouble in Crete as its own pretext for mischief. If it does, then preparations cannot be hurried forward too swiftly with a view to the long-dreaded European convulsion.

OBSTRUCTION AND CLOSURE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the cheap and feeble sarcasms of the "Times," Sir William Harcourt's letter on the conduct of the Government in closing the Committee stage of the Agricultural Rating Bill has set men thinking. Three things make against the Government. First, that Mr. Balfour had not mastered the facts of the Bill; second, that Mr. Chaplin had not done so either, and was, as Mr. Courtney said, incompetent to defend it in Committee; third, that the effect of the Bill will unquestionably be the pecuniary advantage of a large number of the Government's supporters. These circumstances should have made the Government more than usually timorous in the use of the Closure. The mere fact that the Bill has been

dubbed, rightly or wrongly, a Landlords' Relief Bill should have given Her Majesty's Ministers pause. There is something indecent in the frantic hurry with which a party votes public money in relief of the pockets of its own supporters.

Not that we join in the common cant against the Closure, which we believe to be an indispensable instrument for the transaction of any business in a modern House of Commons. Just let us think what the abstract noun Obstruction means. It is a convenient substantive which is nowadays invariably applied by the party in power to the criticisms of the party out of power—and not altogether wrongly applied. Obstruction has its roots deep in the conditions of modern public life. In the old days the majority of members of Parliament were inarticulate. A spectator, casting his eyes along the serried ranks of fresh-cheeked country gentlemen who supported the Government of the day, exclaimed, "By Jove! the finest brute votes in Europe!" These gentlemen had either bought their seats or owed them to the nomination of some Lord Lonsdale or Lord Hertford. The Anglo-Indian Nabob who supported Lord North, or the rosy-gilled squire who cheered Disraeli in the Corn-law debates, was as capable of taking part in discussion as he was of writing an essay on the currency. He rushed in from Bellamy's, wiping his mouth with his napkin, to vote against anything the party whipper-in ordered. He cried "Hear him" when Charles Fox or Billy Pitt was speaking, and he was only too pleased to be allowed to lie full length along a bench in his boots, sucking oranges or cracking nuts, when Burke was delivering an oration on Conciliation with America. The speaking he left to fellows like Burke, Pitt, Fox, and the lawyers, while he, "good, easy man," was quite content if he escaped an election petition. The speakers certainly abused their monopoly mercilessly, for the great speeches used to last four or five hours apiece, though, by way of compensation, what was called a full-dress debate only took place once or twice a Session. But we have changed all that. In order to get into Parliament nowadays, a man has to pass through a long and elaborate platform training, which makes him a rhetorician *malgré lui*. Nomination boroughs and bribery have been abolished. A candidate for a county division has to make even more speeches *per diem* than a borough candidate, as he has to address a larger number of small meetings. Fluency is consequently at a premium, and inarticulateness at a discount. Every member of Parliament to-day is "torrentior Isæo," for men will learn anything it is their interest to learn. What Dr. Johnson called "the knack of making a speech in a public assembly," which that great man could never learn, is now the cheapest and most universal of all faculties. It is possessed to a degree that would have astonished our ancestors by every "puny whipster" who writes M.P. after his name. The most valuable quality in human character, what the Romans called "*verecundia*," the reserve of modesty, has absolutely disappeared. Everybody can speak as well, or nearly as well, as everybody else; and why should not everybody have his fling? Every member has tried his wings in the school-room: why should he not essay a bolder flight in the House of Commons? And he does so.

Nor is the fearful fluency of modern Parliaments due solely to personal vanity. It is partly prompted by the instinct of self-preservation. The silent member is no longer appreciated, whatever the length of his subscription list. When everybody else speaks, a constituency is apt to attribute the reserve of its own member to incapacity. We knew a very sensible man, who sat for a metropolitan division for six years without thinking it necessary to swell the torrent of platitudes in the House of Commons by his tiny rivulet of twaddle, and who used to be greeted in his own constituency with derisive cries of "Here comes the Silent Member!"

There is another cause which contributes to the making of many speeches. We mean the cheapness and universality of information. Formerly it required a trained power of application and of handling books and papers to get up a political question. Nowadays, without any research, the newspapers supply every man with as much information as is possessed by anybody, save five or six men in the inner ring of the Cabinet.

Any one who reads the "Times" is competent to speak on all the subjects of the day in such a manner as to satisfy himself and his constituents. And he does so.

The effect of all these convergent causes is fatal to the transaction of business. We have fewer orators than ever, for oratory is an art which requires leisure. People paid fifty guineas to hear Mr. Sheridan's speech on the Begums. Nobody would now pay fifty shillings to hear any living speaker on either side. But if we have fewer orators, we have an innumerable crowd of talkers, who must be mechanically silenced, if any business is to be done at all. This is the defence of the Closure, which should be unhesitatingly applied to second-reading debates, but far more cautiously to discussions in Committee. A second-reading debate is, it must be remembered, a more or less academic discussion of a general principle, which has already been written and talked about on the platform and in the press for months, more often for years, before it arrives upon the floor of the House of Commons. The second-reading debate is necessary and valuable, because platform and press discussion is irresponsible, and every public question should be argued by trained and responsible men. But the argument should be conducted by the best men; as the old Greek said in Thucydides, If we are to have government by discussion, let it be good discussion. The vice of the present system is that, by agreement between the Whips on both sides, a second-reading debate is allowed to run over five or six nights, and one important statesman speaks on each night, the interstices being filled by the talkers. The reason for this is that the Front Bench men like to have time to prepare their replies to one another. But the system is a wicked waste of public time, for which there is the less justification as, by another vicious modern habit, there is now a second-reading discussion of the principle on the motion for leave to introduce the Bill. The first reading should be confined to one sitting, and the second reading should never be allowed to extend over more than two, or at most three, sittings. A high level of debating would thus be maintained, shorter speeches would be made by the best men, and only the twaddlers would be crushed out. This is, in our judgment, the legitimate use to which the Closure should be applied, resolutely and consistently.

But discussions in Committee are very different. The clauses settle the enacting words, which affect the actual interests at stake. If second-reading declamations from second-rate men were remorselessly closed, there would be more time for argument over the enacting words. Mere repetition, and frivolous, vexatious, or unmeaning amendments, should be sternly repressed by the chairman. It would be much better to closure a member than a clause, to which the operation should be applied with the greatest caution and reluctance. Take the case of the Committee on the Rating Bill, about which Sir William Harcourt so justly complains. It is mere effrontery to assert that the clauses of this Bill are "machinery," when, in fact, they are a revolution in the law of local taxation. Your principle may be good, but you may apply it in such a bungling or malevolent way as to defeat your own object, or effect some quite different object. The principle of the Bill is to relieve distressed districts: the effect of the clauses as closed is to relieve all districts indiscriminately. Or consider the intricacy and importance of Mr. Jeffreys's amendment. There is no more delicate and difficult problem in taxation than the separate valuation of lands and the buildings on lands, where there is an undivided rent. The Radicals are very anxious to procure this separate valuation, with a view to rating and taxing ground-rents, and there is a technical literature extant on this one point. With Olympian ignorance of or indifference to the whole question, the Government closed the clause, and of course the amendment of Mr. Jeffreys, which, by the way, Mr. Chaplin had already accepted. We cannot think that this is a defensible use of the Closure.

Then, again, there was the very important question of the rating of tithe rent-charges. No one certainly needs relief more than the parson, and no one has more staunchly supported the Conservative party. Yet the question of the parson's relief was shut out by the

Closure. We have said already that we have no sympathy with the parrot-like cant about closing discussion on the second reading. But we should view with alarm and dislike the repetition of this closing of clauses in Committee on the Education Bill. We buy our blessings at a price, and the price of free discussion is less business. To closure enacting words without argument is to make the drafting counsel the master of our destiny. Surely the tyranny of Sir Henry Jenkins, even tempered by the epigrams of Mr. Balfour, would be the basest of all servitudes.

A SURVIVAL.

TO be a Scotchman nowadays is to fill a position of some difficulty. It is expected by the respectable public when a Scotchman takes his pen in hand, that no matter what his antecedents, education, or predilections may be, he is bound to set down his thoughts in language as unintelligible as possible to the average Englishman.

It is in vain to plead that our greatest writers in the past used what they considered was the English language. It is quite useless to draw attention to the fact that Hume, Smollett and Sir Walter Scott, together with Adam Smith and Dugald Stewart, when treating of ordinary affairs, endeavoured (perhaps unwisely) to render themselves intelligible to all men.

Dunbar, our greatest poet, used an English but little different from that of Chaucer, who, by the way, he acknowledged as his master. Bishop Douglas did not translate Virgil into the patois of his day. Master Robert Henryson, the author of "Robin and Makynne," one of the few pastorals that can be endured by those whose lives are passed outside towns, is easy to understand. Drummond of Hawthornden rarely if ever employs a Scottish word. Carlyle, it is true, made for himself a language and a philosophy, but neither seems likely to endure. Indeed it may be that it is chiefly as a humourist (in spite of Mr. Morley, who does not sin in that respect himself) that he will be most remembered.

Be all that as it may, the fact remains that the modern Scottish writer to be popular in England must write in dialect. If he must live (and write) he has, I presume, to adopt the ruling fashion, and write of weavers, idiots, elders of churches, small farmers' wives, and others of those without whom, according to Jesus the son of Sirach, a city cannot be inhabited, and who chiefly maintain the state of the world. Now, though I have no skill of the jargon which it has pleased the band of Levites who write of these worthy people to evolve, it must not be thought that I depreciate the aforementioned weavers, ministers, and elders, or even the idiots. Rather do I compassionate them, in that they have been dragged into publicity and their language distorted by the above-mentioned sons of Levi; so that I verily believe there is not a henwife, weaver, idiot, elder, or ploughman in this conglomerate of granite, pudding-stone, and peat moss known as Scotland who would recognize himself in the dress in which the British public has been eager to welcome him. Neither would I have Englishmen believe is the entire Scottish nation composed of ministers, elders, and precentors. I should explain that a precentor is a man employed to put the congregation out in a Scottish church by starting hymns and psalms on the wrong notes, and in a key which it is impossible for the majority to compass.

The modern way of looking at a native of North Britain differs considerably from what used to be the fashion. In the blithe times of clans and borderers, of Wardens of the Marches, of battles and mosstroopers, each Scotchman was an enemy to England.

Generally in stricken fields, you Southern folk discomfited us by reason of your archers and your horses, with their riders sheathed in armour. Upon the borders we had the vantage of you, as you had cattle for us to steal, houses for us to burn, and money and valuables to carry off. We having none, you were not in a position to retaliate efficiently. A little later we pushed our forays further south, even to London, giving you a king (and such a king!) and a whole tail of needy courtiers, all with authentic pedigrees and empty purses.

Your people, not unnaturally, began to hate us, as

indeed was reasonable; for hitherto our plunderings had been confined to Cumberland, but now we put the capital itself to sack and pillage.

From this time date the Sawneys and the Sandies, the calumnies about our cuticle, and those which stated that we were so tender-hearted that we scrupled to deprive of life the smallest insect which we have about our persons. About that time you found our cheekbones out, observed that we were all red-haired and blew our noses without handkerchiefs to save expense. You noted down the exiguity of our "Pund Scots," our love of sixpence (which we called saxpence), and you learnt the word "bawbee."

So far so good; but still you pushed discovery to whisky, haggis, predestination, and other mysteries of our faith and cookery. The bagpipes burst upon you (with a skirl), and even Shakspeare set down things about them which I only do not quote because I do not wish to make the gentlewomen afraid. Then came the road to England, that we chiefly used, all others in our country being only fit for partridges, but that well-worn and beaten down just like the road to hell.

All this continued more or less the same till George in pudding time appeared to rule us. Then all things changed, and a new race of Scotsmen dawned on the English vision. Perhaps not quite unnaturally to many Scotsmen of that day a foolish prince of their own kith and kin seemed preferable to a foolish prince from Hanover. Then came the risings in '15 and in '45, and the half of Scotland which the Englishman knew less of then than now he knows about the natives of Arauco came into sight. It now appeared that every native of North Britain did not cant or cheat with prayer, and seek to make his fortune. A few half-naked, ill-armed men made England reel, and the measure of the terror that they caused can be appreciated by the savageness of the butcheries after Culloden.

Still, from that time we conquered you and forced you step by step to take us at our Scottish valuation, until to-day it seems we are about to impose even our language on you.

Progressing step by step, the position of a Scotsman has been altering in England. From mosstrooper and thief we rose by slow degrees to the dignity of impecunious courtiers; then became known as pious business men, ready to cheat and pray on all occasions; but still ridiculous. Our want of wit amazed you, for you did not know we wondered at your lack of humour. So to the days of Walter Scott we bettered our position. Then he arose and threw a glamour over Scotland which was all his own. We then appeared as threadbare heroes, fighting for our kings, our hills, our haggises, and whatsoever else was dear to us. True, we were poor, but then our poverty was so romantic. Scott though, like other men of genius, saw that not every Scotsman was cut from the same piece; and as a counterfoil to the romantic chief, the pale-faced, slightly-bilious Master, and the Highland soldier, he looked about and found his low comedians, without whose presence all tragedy must halt.

Your Piddlewhinkies and McSneeshins say that Scott was Tory, Jacobite, unpatriotic, un Presbyterian, and other things which pain us to reflect on. They say (your Rev. McOffertories) that Scotchmen were not like the types that Scott depicted, and in proof of what they say call on the public to read their valued works. All this, for aught I know, may be quite true; for literature, like other things, is subject to the fashion. Still I maintain that in the Scotland of to-day there yet remain some types which differ from the types set forth by kailyard novelists. Of course I know that virtue which has long left London and the South still lingers about Ecclefechan. I know a Scotchman is a grave, sententious man, oppressed with the difficulty of the jargon he is bound to speak, and weighed down by the sense of being a North Briton. I know he prays to Mr. Gladstone and Jehovah, time about, finds his amusement in comparing preachers, can read and write, and does so, buys newspapers, tells stories about ministers, and generally deports himself in a manner which would land a weaker man in idiocy within a fortnight.

What I object to is the assumption that the "douce" and Presbyterian, "pawky" three-per-centling of the kailyard men has quite eclipsed the pre-Culloden type. I say

it lingers in spite of Butcher Cumberland, in spite of School Board education, kodaks, bicycles, excursion trains, cheap knowledge, magazines, and Liberal politics; it lingers if only to disprove Darwinism. No doubt the average Scotchman is all he is depicted; the land is his, he is the type (and what a type!), he sets his Bethel up, he preaches, psalmodizes, cracks his jokes, invests his money, takes what he thinks an intelligent view of public matters duly distorted for him by a newspaper. Still he is not all the nation, after all.

The men who named the hills, the streams, the stones; who hunted, fished, and fought; who seemed to come out of the mist; who followed like dumb, faithful, foolish dogs the foolish Stewarts, and fought against the brutal Hanoverians to their own undoing, have now and then a type, even to-day, which strikes me much as if we came across a ghost. All that still lingers from another age is really what we call a ghost; a ghost perhaps of happier, freer times, when men were less tormented about nothing than they are to-day. Even in Scotland, I contend, there still exist some few remains of the pre-Knoxian and pre-bawbee days, though fallen into oblivion.

Not far from where I live there lives a worthy man, a Scot of Scots, Scotissimus Scotorum, who has made his money by some kind of sweating; but still a kindly soul, and full of views on everything but trade, which is a thing apart and sacred. A Liberal of course—that is, a Liberal wishing to drag down all men over him—but a Tory of the Tories to all below his own estate; but still a kindly soul. A moral man, if such a one there be, thinking all sins but fornication venial. A teetotaler—that is for others—but himself taking at times his glass of whisky for the reasons which have been so cogently set forth by St. Paul the Apostle of the Caledonians.

My friend dwells in a house to which is joined a small estate called Inverquhar. Now, though a Radical, nothing pleases him so much as to be designated territorially as Inverquhar, and to put round the county that he is a sort of cousin to the Marquess of Glenfalloch. These inconsistencies give zest to life, and go some way towards redeeming even North Britain from the awful load of dulness which the kailyard men depict and seem to revel in. One of the themes the worthy sweater, now turned "bonnet" laird, delights to dwell on is that race has little influence on mankind, and that if you take a Highlander and place him in the same conditions as a kailyard Scot, he straight becomes identical in thought and ways with those around him. The discussion of such questions with such a man is difficult. What the true Scotsman wants is argument, and it angers him as much if you agree with him as if you argue and confute his argument. If you agree, you are a hypocrite; and arguing only shows your narrow-mindedness. Therefore the safest thing is to keep silence. One day he broached the theory that the crofters of the Hebrides were really fond of work, and most industrious, and that their idleness came chiefly from lack of opportunity to work. "See," he remarked, "in Manitoba how they improve when far away from landlord tyranny." All landlords in my friend's opinion are tyrants, and though he likes to meet them individually and dine with them, if they have titles, in the bulk they are anathema. Sometimes I fancy he only tolerates myself because I am an idiot at the business. Of course there is no tyranny in trade, and if a strike occurs, why none so loud as he to call for extra police and soldiers; for commerce, as we know, came down from heaven and never can do wrong. However, after a discussion, he asked me if I knew a farm of his, the Offerance of Inverquhar. I knew the place, a little farm, with hideous little house, four windows and a door, with slated roof, and with two spruces ragged with the wind which sweeps over our favoured land, on either side the house. A little garden in which nothing grew but gooseberries and currants, known to the Scotch as "berries." A barn, a byre, and a horse-mill, with its top just like a mushroom, and with four wide openings on purpose to give the horses colds whilst working. And over all that air of dreary desolation which the lack of flowers and care, with the excess of wind and rain, give to a Scottish homestead. Withal not ill appointed; the fields well drained and

top-dressed, the fences in repair, the gates well painted, and the whole place made uglier than necessary by the excess of modern improvements.

Though a small place, nothing about the Offerance was done by hand. The crops were tortured into the ground with Yankee sowers, and tortured out again by other artful machines when ready to be reaped. Of course the fences were all wire, and barbed, and no path existed in the fields. For some reason unexplained, the tenant of this earthly paradise was just about to leave it. The worthy owner proceeded to propound his theory about the crofters, and concluded by announcing that he intended to get a crofter family from the Hebrides to take the place.

It seemed to me that if he must have islanders he might as well have brought them from Tahiti as from the Hebrides, but I said nothing. The matter slipped my memory, under the pressure of dressing and undressing, taking railway tickets, missing trains, attending churches, theatres, reading speeches and share lists, talking of art and science with others to the full as ignorant of both as I myself, and in the exercise of the futilities during the course of which we find one day our hair is grey, our teeth decaying, and death near at hand.

It happened that in riding to a hill farm I had to pass the Offerance. It seemed a little changed, though certainly inhabited. Before the door a fire of peats was burning, on which a kettle, hung to three birchen poles, essayed to boil. Before the fire sat, dressed in rags, two children, searching each other's heads as diligently as if they had been scriptures. An air of desolation of a different sort to that I had known before hung o'er the place. The fences were all broken, the ground untilled, and little paths traversed almost every field, where short cuts had been made. The gates were off their hinges, and in one instance the want supplied by a broken cart. The stock reminded me of the animals one sees about an Arab's tent or Indian's wigwam. Two skinny ponies, with their feet hobbled with ropes which left the flesh all raw, were feeding on the weeds. Some Highland cattle and a goat or two, some sheep, and quite a pack of mangy sheepdogs comprised the lot.

Close to the house a tall, athletic man, half drunk (but not so drunk as to have lost his senses), wrapped in a plaid, and with a mat of rough black hair which fell into his small grey eyes, stood looking at a woman and a girl planting potatoes on what is called the system of the lazy bed. That is, instead of ploughing the ground, you dig it lightly with a spade, turning the turf on one side, then put in the potatoes and rearrange the turf. The plan is excellent for saving trouble, and exhausts the soil as quickly as can be desired. In these degenerate days we seldom get a chance to see it done. "Good heavens!" I thought, "this is the crofter family."

The man looked up, and, seeing me, came to the road, and, after having tried to take my horse's bridle, poured out a flood of Gaelic. I understood but little of it, except that he was glad to see me, and the word "Tighearnas," which he repeated frequently. It means a chief, and is used like "captain" by the gipsies on a racecourse when they want to flatter you. His hat was in his hand, and so he stood, protesting, bareheaded in the drizzling rain. In a mixed jargon, composed of broken Gaelic and that sort of idiot English that we use when we cannot make our meaning clear to foreigners, I told him not to be a fool, and asked him to put on his hat. He answered, "Neffa!"; and, though I found he could speak English pretty well, he beckoned to his wife to come and speak. She said: "Donald is from Wester Ross; he does not like the digging, but Inverquhar is very pleased with him; he puts up such a bonny prayer." This with the singsong accent that Highlanders use when speaking English.

I felt sure he did not like either the digging or the ploughing or any form of work, knowing the species, so I asked if he liked the place, and why he would not put his hat on. "Och aye," he said, "Offerance of Inverquhar is a pretty place, and a pretty name it has whatever." Strange as it may appear, the uncouth syllables sounded quite different when pronounced by him. His wife went on to say that Donald never put

his bonnet on before a gentleman; and though he did not like the digging, if I proposed to shoot the coverts at any time I would find that Donald was a first-rate beater.

After the semi-sacrament of whisky money had duly passed between us, I rode away amid a shower of what I think were Gaelic blessings.

Turning, I saw the Ofterance through the rain; black but uncomely, ragged, wind-swept—a picture of the Scotland which has almost disappeared. Sloth was not altogether lovely, but prating progress worse. I might have left the place quite discontented even with mankind, had I not recollected that the world is to the young, and noted that the children's diligence had been rewarded, and that one was handing something to the other with quite an air of triumph.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

AFRICAN CANNIBALS.

By A TRAVELLING CORRESPONDENT.

THE story told by Captain Hinde at the last meeting of the British Association about cannibals in Africa aroused sufficient interest to make the subject worth pursuing. He noticed that his followers were in the habit of breaking the legs of their game several days before they killed them, in order to make the meat more tender. Inquiring as to their reasons, he was told that this was the result of experience with human flesh; that they always broke the legs and arms of their captives and then tied them up to their necks in a flowing stream, in such a way that they could neither fall asleep and drown nor commit suicide; and that at the end of three days they could be killed with the assurance that they would be very tender eating.

As the President of the Geographical Section remarked at the time, it is necessary to divest ourselves of all insular prejudices in treating of cannibalism. The idea of eating a part of a deceased human being with the object of acquiring some of his qualities and virtues is widespread and has been so from time immemorial. Such sacrificial or sacramental eating is common to most religions. In Peru a figure made of dough is baked and eaten, and the people talk of this as "eating the god." In certain parts of France a figure is made with the last of the harvest corn and eaten under the impression that it contains the spirit of fertility. This was the earliest form of cannibalism, and the very name of cannibal is derived from the Caribs, who used to devour their enemies with the idea of acquiring their courage. They were the bravest of the aborigines of South America, and did not pursue the practice to supply themselves with food. They pretended they could distinguish the flavour of a Spaniard, an Englishman, and a Frenchman. A French traveller who has written about them indulges the traditional vanity of his nation by declaring that the French flesh had far and away the superior flavour. In some parts of England it is the custom, when a man is laid out, to bake what is called a corpse-cake. This is put to rise near the fire on the dead body, and is supposed to absorb the virtues of the deceased. In the Balkan States a little baked image accompanies every funeral procession, and the mourners eat it afterwards, exclaiming "God rest him!" In Wales and Herefordshire there exists a regular paid functionary known as the "sin-eater." He is described as a "long, lean, lamentable rascal." On the breast of a corpse the relatives place bread and cheese and beer, which the "sin-eater" consumes, in order to appropriate the sins of the deceased. Formerly he received sixpence for his trouble, and took care to make himself scarce as soon as possible after his duties were performed; but of late years his price has risen to half-a-crown.

Cannibalism has been surprisingly little discussed in books of travel. We are told that in such and such a district cannibals are to be found, but we hear no details, neither how the flesh is prepared, what joints are preferred, nor to what extent the practice is prevalent. Captain Hinde asserts that nearly all the tribes in the Congo basin are or have been cannibals, and that the practice is on the increase, not merely for superstitious reasons, but also for the provision of food.

There is a certain sturdy, fat race in Africa which has never been famous for its prowess, but which is made a regular staple article of diet. Whole cargoes are constantly carried up the river and sold to the natives for food. Inquiries for a fresh supply of slaves will often be accompanied by the complaint that "meat is scarce just now." The Batetella are described as a fine race, with no old or infirm persons among them. The reason of this is not far to seek, for at the first sign of decrepitude the sufferer is killed and eaten, parents even being devoured by their own children. The members of this tribe consider human flesh the greatest of delicacies, and are ever on the watch for any excuse to kill and eat their comrades. The fate of the individuals is decided by their king. So soon as a victim is appointed to die, mobs collect outside the king's house and the victim is given over to them alive. But he does not long remain alive, for the people tear him to pieces as quickly as a pack of hounds will make an end of a hare. Each sets himself to cut off his favourite tit-bit, and no one makes it his business to kill the victim first, lest a coveted piece should thereby be lost. In some districts men will not eat their own parents, but they will allow them to be eaten by others. This may be due in large measure to the extreme difficulty of protecting a corpse from these human wolves, however determined the intention of protecting it may be. The people there seem to have no religion, and are not to be frightened off from the cemeteries by any kind of fetish. The practice at least has this advantage, that, after a battle, there is no risk of an epidemic from the putrefaction of the corpses, for, like the walrus and the carpenter, the victors "eat up every one." After a big battle, in which many prisoners have been taken, human beings have been sold for as little as five or six shillings a brace for eating purposes. Many anecdotes might be told of the naïve way in which the inhabitants of the Congo region speak of this little weakness of theirs. A man will come to your house and ask you to trust him with food, adding ingenuously:—"When one of our people dies, we will make a return." Or the members of a caravan will say:—"We know your supplies are rather short just now, and you can't spare any of your sheep or goats, but you might give us such and such a man; he is lazy, and not worth his keep." You make peace, and apply for the return of prisoners, but you are told:—"Very sorry, they are all eaten, save one. If you would like thirty-seven fine cooking slaves in their place, they are very much at your service."

In nearly every case human flesh is either boiled, roasted, or smoked. Any cannibal so far forgetting himself as to eat it raw would be looked down upon sadly. When there is a superabundance of human meat, as, for instance, after a sanguinary battle, the greater part of it is skilfully cured by smoking. Indeed, those who have a repugnance from eating human flesh scarcely dare to buy smoked meat of any kind in a cannibal district, so difficult is human flesh to distinguish from ordinary meat. Various cannibals have various preferences for various joints, and it is said that, if you follow in the wake of cannibal caravans, you may discover the precise district of their origin by simply noting what portions of the human body they have left uneaten. The majority do not eat the head at all, but some look upon it as the greatest delicacy, and devote their special attention to the brain. Most cannibals eat some or other of the intestines. Perhaps the most generally favourite joint is a steak from the upper part of the leg. The more sinewy parts are usually stewed, and broth made from human shins is not utterly unknown. As to the flavour of human flesh, it is difficult to speak positively; it has been compared, by people in a position to know, to sucking-pig. All seem agreed that the human is more delicate and requires more seasoning than ordinary meat. The flesh of the white man is not sought after, except by *gourmets*, on account of its *pré salé* taste.

THE NEW GALLERY.

THE impression we carried away from the exhibition of Sir Edward Burne-Jones's work in the New Gallery of '93 was that people expressed themselves ill when they admired the artist for his fancy, his imagina-

tion. His fancy appeared to us, like his composition or his colouring, an attainment of patience and thought—unattained, as a matter of fact, by any one else, quite individual. The attainment, moreover, of an artist, a fine artist, and bound to give pleasure (with a reservation); yet not sufficiently great to explain the deep admiration his work aroused. And we concluded that it was just this possible reservation to the pleasure his work should give that turned the scale in his favour. The real reason for admiration was not the composition nor the colour, neither was it the particular fancy displayed in his vision of "The Days of Creation" or "Un Chant d'Amour"; it was the general sentiment that gazed out at us from all the canvases—a sentiment that, for want of a better name, we may call Arthurian. Now this Arthurian sentiment plays such a large part in Sir Edward Burne-Jones's pictures, and such an imperceptible part in the world, that one can hardly quarrel with those who, happening to dislike it and therefore necessarily leaving it out of the account, are disappointed with what is left. The appreciation or dislike of the Arthurian sentiment is, as it were, a question outside art; and if the unappreciative can be called upon to leave this sentiment out of their estimate, it is only fair that the admirers should do the same. If we look for a parallel we should hardly find one—we should certainly laugh at the Socialist or the New Woman who could not admire Terburg because he painted the rich middle class, or Jane Austen because of the gentility of her heroines.

One of the two pictures which Sir Edward exhibits this spring at the New Gallery is Arthurian, but with a charming touch of humour. There is something in the little raised hands, in the half-shocked, half-interested expression of the innocent angel as she gazes at the disgraceful figure of sleeping Sir Launcelot, that looks as if the artist were not quite taken in himself by the Arthurian business. The other picture, "Aurora," is, for once in a way, a work of imagination; and it is interesting to see why it makes so much, and so little, impression. The artist has conceived a very beautiful fancy of morning. He has conceived the dawn appearing, not in the country, but in the intense silence of a narrow way between houses, the dawn progressing swiftly, touching here, there, and further on, a light figure advancing, the sky lightening under grey clouds behind her, colour following in her wake. Then, if we think of the morning, there is in it an ecstasy that cannot be reached by describing anything that actually happens. Even when we have accentuated the poetry of the dawn's arrival by personifying her, the mere picture is not moving enough; we must have a suggestion of sound, we must have a Memnon ring, a clang, a bell tone, as she speeds westward. All this the painter has felt, and all this could only be expressed to perfection in words. The poet would convey just what was beautiful in the idea, not straining it further than it could go, touching just the right chords in his reader's mind, and leaving him a beautiful dawnlike suggestion. The painter has visualized this idea of dawn as an advancing woman, cymbals in hand, more heavily than the idea will bear, and his painted dawn gives no dawnlike suggestion at all. There is one thing that can suggest dawn in paint, and that one thing is a representation of what the morning looks like in the lightening sky or about to colour the grey houses. Such a background Sir Edward has; there is a real dawn going on behind, and from it we get the sensation of dawn. The ideal literary expression would have in it all the poetical reality of the morning, with just a suggestion of a figure, or personification, so that the writer should appear to be picturing the morning and the reader should almost feel as if he were doing the personification himself. And if this vague perfection is unattainable, we know at any rate one way by which such fancies have been successfully conveyed by poets—the Homeric simile. They would speak of the dawn, and compare it to a maiden, clothed in pink and purple, speeding down the street, making a music as she passes. Sir Edward Burne-Jones has taken a Homeric simile, visualized it to the utmost, put it in front of the reality, and, of necessity, left out the connecting *ὡς δ' ἄρα*. Here is a woman with face, nose, eyes, mouth, hands holding cymbals, drapery falling thus

and thus, and we have to shut our eyes to the gross palpability of it, select the idea from it, and run away. His picture is not a final statement to stare at; we have to go back into our mind from the figure painted and make an abstract conception of what it means. This is reversing the correct process, for in all art the final goal where we rest is the presentation, the picture. The poet describes in words—that is to say, in the abstract; but the mind rests, comes to a final and lasting standstill, with the more or less visual picture which the sentences call up. To start by giving the eye the picture in line and colour, so that we have to go backwards and make an abstraction of what it means, is a false method. A poet might grow enthusiastic over this "Aurora," and declare it was magnificent, whereas really he would not be enjoying what he saw, but labouring himself, making an abstraction, distilling the poetical conception and leaving the obtrusive lines and colours behind. And this is the worst compliment he could pay the painter. And it would be quite a mistake to think that this picture is imagination made easy to those who have not enough fancy of their own to grasp the beauty if expressed in words. The unimaginative man would be quite at a loss before this picture; he would be the complete Philistine who wonders what this girl with the disagreeable face was doing with cymbals at this hour of the morning. And the Philistine has a way of tripping-up over the right stumbling-block, though he curses at random. For it spoils the beauty of this conception of dawn to put any one real face on the figure. That should be left to the reader to supply according to his taste, or probably to leave out altogether. In fact, ever since the artist conceived his idea, he has done nothing but put so many veils before it, so many difficulties in the way of extracting it. Perpetual thought is needed before the spectator can appreciate; he has all the time to be revolving meanings in his mind, and so it comes that the picture itself is a faint, dry, unlyrical production; a riddle, an acrostic which imprisons a conception sulking for want of a voice and words to sing, that it might address the mind directly and conjure up the unspoiled essential spectacle. And the picture is restless and harassing because it arouses this reflex action of the mind. It is not a thing to stare at in single-hearted final appreciation, and that is what all pictures must be, and all that a picture need be. It is not an end in itself, it is an arduous road to somewhere else. We are talking of this picture (No. 104), and no other; for it is a picture which, excepting certain realistic effects of morning in the background, has little value for the eye; its justification lies in the meaning to which we have to retrograde—the purple and pink of the maiden's dress are the colours of the dawn, and they do not clash. Whatever subject Sir Edward Burne-Jones has painted, the drama, as a rule, has been insignificant compared with the general Arthurian feeling; just as the old people, when they fastened on Aurora, made her an excuse for painting one more beautiful woman. Sir Edward Burne-Jones is more conscientious in this case. His Aurora was to be a real dawn and nothing else.

There is, close by, an example of sentiment in paint that works directly in Mr. Watts's two pictures of Adam and Eve before and after eating of the Tree of Knowledge. In the first, naked Eve is standing fearlessly upright: in the second, she is drooping in conscious loveliness, with her hair streaming over her body. But Mr. Watts here, and in the two pictures on the other side of the room, and generally when he paints lofty pictures, is so solemn. They are, on the whole, like a man who takes in the crowd by pulling a long face—the unrelieved shaking of his moral and sometimes monstrous finger is not awful; the strain is too great, it makes one ribald. We can almost fancy a rebellious and unmannerly person, if he thought he was unobserved, winking his eye in the hope of seeing the long face tremble towards a smile. None could experience this displeasing sensation before the "Venus, Cupid, Folly, and Time" in the National Gallery; but that is not moral enough: it is, to begin with and to end with, beautiful: nor before Albrecht Dürer's "Death and the Knight," because of the grim joke (putting aside its beauty). The true artist who deals with such im-

mensities inevitably adds loveliness (more loveliness than Mr. Watts) or satire to his treatment, because beauty and wit are the highest pinnacle which a man can reach in any kind of expression that has a meaning for others, the topmost resting-place, a step above any moral notion that poor limited mortals can conceive. So a genius, standing, as it were, on the level of Mr. Watts's morality, could utter a word about it that would cap the pictures, soar above into the upper place. An artist is not prone to draw a long face; why should he, except for those persons who desire, at all costs and above everything, to be bullied and sat upon?

The exhibition as a whole is a bad one, often clamorously bad, and the landscapes do not contribute much to bring up the level. Mr. Bertram Priestman's "Under a Thundercloud, Wharfedale," is an exception. It is rather unpleasant, sticky, "dealery" perhaps, but handsome in colour. The decorative note which we remarked at another gallery some weeks ago is audible in most of the more interesting landscapes here, and sounds loudly enough in Mr. Lindner's "Autumn," Scotch firs, clotted masses of foliage, and decorative colour. It does not speak well for the exhibition that this should be one of the pleasantest pictures to look at, for "Autumn" is not far removed from being humbug—humbug we have hardly yet had time to grow thoroughly sick of. But to waste words about art is but to put off the mention of the most important exhibitor. Mr. Hallé indeed is to be congratulated. He is well on in the race. Mr. Herbert Schmalz has held the field so far, and certainly "The Days that are no more" keeps him ahead of Mr. Hallé, who still has much to learn; but he possesses the will, and we have hopes of him. At present he is running his heat, as it were, at the New Gallery; he has contributed five pictures, and the competition is close and exciting.

COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE marvels of Roentgen rays distract public attention from the wonderful progress that has recently been made in colour photography. In this age of scientific instruction, the man in the street knows that sensations of colour are due to rays of light dancing into our eyes, as it were, to different tunes. A beam of colourless light contains all the colour-producing rays so blended that the separate movements are indistinguishable. When we look at a coloured object, such as, for instance, a red and blue macaw, the rays reach our eyes in assorted bevies. The beams of daylight which strike the feathers contain all the colours, blended in a colourless harmony: the rays reflected from them to our eyes have been disentangled and separated. There are two distinct causes for this separation, and the two marvellous series of colour photographs exhibited recently at the Royal Society by Mr. Ives and M. Lippmann were produced by methods depending on the different fashions in which natural colours are caused. Many colours in the feathers of birds are due to the substances known as pigments. These are materials with the physical property of absorbing one set of rays of light and handing on the others. A yellow pigment absorbs from light all the colours of the spectrum but yellow, and hands on only the yellow rays. Some pigments are soluble in oil, some in ether, some in alcohol, many in water. When coloured feathers are treated with these solvents the pigments are removed, and the colours due to them disappear from the object, remaining in the solution. Naturally, most of the pigments of animals are insoluble in water, although in the case of one bird, the lion of some seasons since, the red colour of the tail feathers dissolves in rain-water. When pigments are transparent, light transmitted through them appears most often of the same colour as when it is reflected from the surface. A beam of light reflected from a glass of claret sends only red rays to the eye; when the glass is held to the light the rays on passing through the wine to the eye similarly are robbed of all but the producers of red. On the other hand, gold, beaten out to the thinnest leaf, reflects the usual yellow, but allows green to pass through it. The painter relies entirely upon pigments, and daubs his canvas with chemical materials having the same absorbing and reflecting action upon light as the natural objects he is attempting

to reproduce. The camera cannot attract pigments from the object upon which it is focussed; but, following a method familiar in colour-printing, one may take a set of photographs of the same object, each photograph representing only one colour. If a photograph be taken through a plate of glass, tinged with a pigment transparent only to, say, red rays, then the negative will reproduce only the red parts of the object. This might be printed in red, or looked at through a red glass, and would faithfully represent the red parts of the object. The photo-chromosome camera of Mr. Ives takes three pairs of images simultaneously, each image picking out rays of one colour. His stereoscopic photo-chromosome is an elaboration of the old stereoscope by which two images were seen as one; this ingenious invention combines the six different photographs into one image, to which each contributes its natural colour. The specimens exhibited were absolutely lifelike in their vivid and accurate reproduction of natural colour, and the method unquestionably will lead almost to a revolution in colour-printing.

The second source of natural colours is seen in a simple form in the play of colour on a pearl. There is no pigment in a pearl, and yet beams of light, reflected from its surface, display the most varied hues. Seen with a microscope, the surface of the pearl appears wrinkled and puckered with innumerable tiny ridges and hollows. Light, striking on the edges of these, is broken up, the rays of different colours coming off at different angles, as, when a beam passes through a prism, the coloured rays emerge separately. These are interference or structure colours, their appearance depending upon the mode in which the structure of the coloured object interferes with the natural reflection of light. Many of the most gorgeous hues of feathers are of this kind. M. Lippmann's method of colour photography consists in enabling the different rays of light to make such structure on the sensitive plate as will afterwards give rise by reflection to the same colours. Behind the transparent, sensitive film of his plate he places a mirror. The coloured rays from the natural object strike the mirror, and then, as they are reflected outwards through the plate, raise it into microscopical ridges, the size and distribution of which correspond to wave-lengths of the different rays, just as the direction and size of snowdrifts correspond to the direction and strength of the eddies which raised them. The negative, seen in the ordinary way, is a colourless image of the ordinary kind; but when it is held so that light is reflected from it to the eye, then each ridge reflects the colour that caused it, and the total result is a colour photograph dazzlingly brilliant, and absolutely realistic. M. Lippmann's assistant threw upon a screen a set of photographs in their natural colours, including such diversely coloured scenes as a landscape with a white house shaded by a chestnut, and with a brilliant flower-bed in the foreground, all seen in vivid sunlight; a lady in a gay dress, lying on a green lawn; and cut flowers in brilliant Eastern jars. His last exhibit was wonderful in itself, and most convincing as to the reality of his method. Upon a gelatine plate on which he had photographed the spectrum he poured water, and then replaced it in the lantern. The water made the gelatine expand, and the delicate ridges were obliterated. No colour was visible upon the screen, but, as the water evaporated, the ridges began to throw a tumult of changing colour on the screen, more gorgeous and transitory than a smoky sunset. Purples and orange, greens and crimsons, glowed and flickered, melted into each other, faded and reappeared, as the gelatine ridges gradually settled down into their original outlines, until when the plate was dry the glory of the rainbow reappeared.

NEW MUSIC AND A NEW VIOLINIST.

SEARCHING in the wilderness of concerts where is little art, and of opera performances where there is no artistic sincerity, for something sufficiently stimulating to prompt me to commence my weekly article, my glance lights on a pile of music "for review" which has been accumulating since Christmas; and in my present need the something that does duty in me for conscience tells me it is hard on the poor struggling publishers to

treat them thus. But a search of five minutes convinces me that it would be harder on my readers to write a couple of columns about such a dreary desert with scarce a green oasis, such a heap of second-hand goods, as this pile of "new" music. Excepting a number of Messrs. Curwen's publications for school use, which are in their special way excellent, and indeed invaluable, and some violin and piano pieces sent by Messrs. Augener, there is hardly a thing one cares to look at twice. The only "new" things amongst it are the old; and of these happily there are a few entertaining specimens. Messrs. Augener's editions of the violin sonatas of Handel and Corelli should be in the hands of every violinist to-day; but to me the most interesting things are Mr. Shedlock's reprints (issued by Messrs. Novello) of the music of Pasquini, Frescobaldi, Froberger, Casper Kerl and Greco. (The last, by the way, Mr. Shedlock spells Grieco, on the authority of the composer's autograph, forgetting that the last man who knew how to spell a name correctly in the old days was he who owned it.) These Messrs. Novello have sent out in three volumes, one devoted entirely to Pasquini, one, and that a small one, to Greco, and the third to Kerl, Froberger and Frescobaldi. Of the three the Pasquini book is by far the most important; for mighty man though old Frescobaldi was, there cannot be a doubt that Pasquini was a mightier, or that his music has a dignity, sustained strength, flexibility, vivacity, individuality of character, as well as a degree of beauty, for which one looks in vain in the work of other Continental composers of the period, and which, indeed, one has to come to England to match. From Mr. Shedlock's pretty little preface I gather that Pasquini was not the son of his father; and this is only what one would expect of so amazing a genius. For when we consider the work he accomplished it must be admitted that he was amazing—as amazing as Purcell, or Handel, or Bach. He was born in 1637—twenty-one years, that is, before Purcell; he lived an outer life of unbroken calm, earning his daily bread and more by teaching and by playing the organ; and he died in 1710—when Handel and Bach were twenty-five years old, and Handel was making his prodigious success in England—leaving his heirs nothing save a few pictures, and all his money to the poor, thus departing from conventions at the finish just as he seems to have disregarded them at the beginning. He left a quantity of music, and all that has come under my notice has been of the singularly high quality I have mentioned. My brethren, I observe, are familiar with all his work; but until recently, it must be owned with a blush, my acquaintance with it was neither wide nor deep. Perhaps when Messrs. Novello have completed the good work they began in printing the first of the Kuhnau sonatas by giving us a complete Kuhnau, they will allow Mr. Shedlock to turn their attention to Pasquini, and do as much for him. For the few pieces issued now are sufficient to show those who have never so much as heard the name of Pasquini before that here was a man who had something to say and the power of saying it fluently and yet nobly. The biggest piece of music in the book is unmistakably the first, a magnificently broad and expressive fugue on one of the finest subjects ever handled by composer. The next Toccata is brilliant and strong—the passage beginning at the bottom of p. 6 should be especially noted; and the variations on the "La Follia" theme, made familiar through having been varied by Corelli and others, are wonderfully ingenious, and at times (see Variations seven and eight) picturesque. But the number which will be most popular is the "Cuckoo" Toccata, a delicate and breezy piece of "forest music" based on the two notes of which Kerl, Greco, Handel, and probably scores more of the early composers, were so fond. Pasquini provided no programme for it, possibly because he thought the programme so very obvious; and indeed it is difficult to miss the story of this early specimen of pictorial music. The running passages are as vivid and suggestive as if Mendelssohn or Purcell had written them; while neither Purcell nor Mendelssohn wrote anything much better than the section commencing after the double bar on p. 27, with the entrancing undulating figure, and the conventionally decorative

imitation of the twittering of birds at the second bar of p. 29; and in the following Aria there is a depth of human tenderness which Purcell rarely and Mendelssohn never attained. The other things in the book are interesting, notably the sonata for two harpsichords, skilfully, and I think justifiably, written out by Mr. Shedlock from the figured bass; but they fade into comparative insignificance by the side of the fugue and the Cuckoo piece. Greco may be dismissed in a few words. He has his interest; but he does not compare with the big men of his period. He had neither the picturesque eye, nor the intense feeling, nor yet the infallible musical intuitions of the others: one often feels that he is merely groping blindly after a something which he has not clearly and definitely imagined. By the way, the Cuckoo phrase plays a large part in the Allegro of the second piece. The biggest thing in Mr. Shedlock's third volume is the set of "Follia" variations by Frescobaldi; though the variations by Froberger are fine in parts and show throughout a curious plausibility. As for the Cuckoo Capriccio of Casper Kerl, its main importance is that it served Handel as the commencement of a much more splendid piece of work, the Cuckoo and Nightingale Concerto, where the theme is worked out with a logic and continuously increasing interest of which Kerl knew nothing. But all three volumes were well worth the publishing.

To change the subject, it is related that once upon a time at a country fair an astute entrepreneur announced that on payment of one shilling any one might enter his show and see the astonishing phenomenon of a horse with its head in the place where its tail ought to be. Hodge, interested in horses, crowded in, one at a time, and came out on the broad grin and urged his friends to pay their shillings and have a peep. Nevertheless he had seen nothing more than a horse with its tail in the manger, his motive in sending in his friends being of course a determination not to be laughed at and a natural wish that others should be sold as well as himself. This saying is a parable. For the astute entrepreneur substitute the English musical agent, for Hodge the foreign artist fresh from his music-school, for the wondrous horse the enormous success which the foreign artist is told he can make in England, and you have an exact statement of what is happening every day. When will these poor wretches learn that London is already so over-stocked with pianists, fiddlers and singers, that there is no chance of their getting a hearing unless they are prepared to spend some hundreds of pounds? And simply because they refuse to learn this, one after another crosses the North Sea, gives his little concert, which no one attends, and goes home and saves his precious vanity by telling of the prodigious success he has made and of the hundreds if not thousands of English sovereigns he has put into his pocket. Whether a Mr. Jan van Oordt who appeared at Queen's Hall on Wednesday will go home with the usual fairy tales, I cannot presume to guess; but he certainly is the most guileless of all the guileless long-haired ones who have lately come here in search of the beloved English sovereign; and it is easy enough to see how he has come to imagine the English sovereign so easily caught. He is a pupil of a Mr. Cæsar Thomson, a violinist of no unusual powers who failed to achieve any success when he was here a few years ago. Obviously, however, Mr. Jan van Oordt has had reason to believe not only that Mr. Thomson did achieve a success, but that success is very easily achieved by any fiddler with a foreign name and training. So he came here and besides announcing himself as a pupil of Mr. Cæsar Thomson, issued one of the most remarkable biographical documents of modern times. "When that which is called Genius," says Mr. Jan van Oordt's biographer, "guided by true motives and an exalted Ideal, seriously and assiduously cultivates an Art, recognition becomes a natural law, and expectation gives birth to realization. This naturally presupposes the existence of Appreciation. . . . Art is long. . . . In our time, the aspirant to a place upon the roll of great workers must needs be well endowed by nature, have received careful and exhaustive training, be prepared to exhibit some improvement over past methods, and ascend to contribute some material and lasting benefit to the

cause of Art—or his effort is useless. Here in the Art of Appreciation rules supreme. Moved by thoughts similar to these, Jan van Oordt has elected to make his first professional appearance in the Musical world of London," &c. To which I can only gasp, Prodigious! It all means, of course, that if we poor English have cultivated the Art of Appreciation we will at once see that this particular "Genius," Mr. Jan van Oordt, is "well endowed by nature, has received careful and exhaustive training, and is prepared to exhibit some improvement over past methods," and that, seeing this, we will pour our English gold into Mr. Jan van Oordt's exchequer. Now the truth unfortunately happens to be that Mr. Jan van Oordt is no Genius; that his training is so far from being complete that he must surely have wished to sink through the floor after the mess he made of a passage in harmonics in a Paganini concerto; and that, in a word, instead of being able to justify his presence here in the only way in which he says it can be justified, he has yet a great deal to learn about the very elements of fiddling. I assure him that we have in our English orchestras players who could fiddle him, or for that matter, his master Mr. Cæsar Thomson also, clean off the platform. We do not want such gentry as Mr. Jan van Oordt here; and I give him my best advice when I tell him to return to his musical nursery and tell his friends the truth about London—namely, that we know first-rate playing from playing that is not first-rate, that we love not the long-haired foreigner, and that we are already overstocked with goods of all sorts marked "Made in Germany."

The "Times" is very unlucky in its critics. Before we have forgotten the gentleman who could not tell the difference between an oil-painting and a water-colour, its musical critic has shown us that he cannot distinguish between a baritone voice and a tenor, and that he takes too little interest in his work to be at the trouble of making what he writes to-day tally with what he wrote yesterday. When Mr. Fischer-Sobell reappeared in London, this critic remarked that he had improved since he was last heard here, showing that he could not distinguish between the baritone voice in which Mr. Fischer-Sobell sang some of the Hans Sachs' music under Richter ten years ago and the tenor (his voice having changed during an illness) in which he sang Wagner's "Traume" and some Wagner songs on this occasion. Not content with this feat the same critic deliberately contradicted himself in the "Times" of 23 May by making a foolish remark about Mr. Fischer-Sobell, "whose voice may once have been pleasing." Who is the critic of the "Times" now? Not Mr. Fuller Maitland, surely! J. F. R.

G. B. S. ON CLEMENT SCOTT.

"From 'The Bells' to 'King Arthur.'" A critical record of the first-night productions at the Lyceum Theatre from 1871 to 1895. By Clement Scott. (London: John Macqueen. 1896.)

"Shaw v. Shakespeare and Others." Article by W. A. (Mr. William Archer) in the current number of "The World."

MR. CLEMENT SCOTT is not the first of the great dramatic critics; but he is the first of the great dramatic reporters. Other men may have hurried from the theatre to the newspaper office to prepare, red hot, a notice of the night's performance for the morning's paper; but nobody did it before him with the knowledge that the notice was awaited by a vast body of readers conscious of his personality and anxious to hear his opinion, and that the editor must respect it, and the sub-editor reserve space for it, as the most important feature of the paper. This strong position Mr. Scott has made for himself. His opportunity has of course been made by circumstances—the growth of mammoth newspapers like the "Daily Telegraph," the multiplication of theatres, and the spread of interest in them; but it has not been made for Mr. Scott more than for his competitors; and the fact that he alone has seized it and made the most of it in a metropolis where every adult is eager to do his work for nothing but the honour and glory and the invitations to first

nights, proves, you may depend on it, that his qualifications for the work are altogether extraordinary.

The main secret of Mr. Scott's popularity is that he is above all a sympathetic critic. His susceptibility to the direct expression of human feeling is so strong that he can write with positive passion about an exhibition of it which elicits from his colleagues only some stale, weary compliment in the last sentence of a conventional report, or, at best, some clever circumlocutory discussion of the philosophy of the piece. Whoever has been through the experience of discussing criticism with a thorough, perfect, and entire Ass, has been told that criticism should above all things be free from personal feeling. The excellence of Mr. Scott's criticisms lies in their integrity as expressions of the warmest personal feeling and nothing else. They are alive: their admiration is sincere and moving: their resentment is angry and genuine. He may be sometimes maudlin on the one hand, sometimes unjust, unreasonable, violent, and even ridiculous on the other; but he has never lost an inch of ground by that, any more than other critics have ever gained an inch by a cautious, cold, fastidious avoidance of the qualities of which such faults are the excesses. Our actors and actresses feel the thorough humanity of his relation to them; and they commonly say—except in those gusts of fury at some unfavourable notice in which they announce that they make it a rule never to read criticisms at all—that they would rather be "slated" by Mr. Scott than praised by colder hands. By colder hands they generally mean Mr. William Archer, who has made himself as eminent as Mr. Scott, and complementary and antidotal to him, at the opposite pole of contemporary dramatic criticism. The public believes in Mr. Scott because he interprets the plays by feeling *with* the actor or author—generally more, perhaps, with the actor than the author—and giving his feeling unrestrained expression in his notices. An average young University graduate would hang himself sooner than wear his heart on his sleeve before the world as Mr. Scott does. And that is just why the average young University graduate never interests any one in his critical remarks. He has been trained to do nothing that could possibly involve error, failure, self-assertion, or ridicule; and the results of this genteelly negative policy are about as valuable as those which might be expected by a person who should enter for a swimming race with a determination to do nothing that could possibly expose him to the risk of getting wet. Mr. Scott, in spite of his public school education, is happily not that sort of person. He understands the value of Lassalle's dictum that "History forgives mistakes and failures, but not want of conviction."

Now for Mr. Scott's shortcomings. The most amiable of them is a desire to give pleasure and gain affectionate goodwill. This, in the absence of any provocation to the contrary, guarantees to everybody, from Sir Henry Irving down to the most friendless novice thirsting for a little encouragement, a flattering word or two in the "Daily Telegraph." No doubt he is very often helpful with judicious encouragement; but he is occasionally shameless in his gratuitous kindness. This might not do any harm if he could always be depended on to be annoyed by bad work; but unfortunately this is not the case. His extraordinary susceptibility is, as I advisedly described it, a susceptibility to the direct expression of human feeling, and to that alone. Interpose any medium between him and the moving, uttering, visible human creature, and he is insulated at once. It may be the medium of music; it may be painting; it may even be the reflective thought inspired by passion instead of the direct instinctive cry of the passion itself: no matter: the moment the substitution is effected Mr. Scott loses his distinction; writes like any Philistine citizen of ordinary artistic tastes; and is crowded over by every whippersnapper in his profession whose eyes and ears and powers of abstract thinking have been trained a little by practice on the outside of the arts, and by an academic course of philosophy. In this collection of his Lyceum criticisms we find him brought face to face with the remarkable development of the pictorial side of stage art effected by Mr. Comyns Carr when he succeeded in bringing the genius of Burne-Jones, the greatest decorative artist of his time, to bear on the

production of "King Arthur." Mr. Scott, instead of being delighted with the result, was simply incommode and disturbed by the change in the accustomed arrangements. He complained that King Arthur wore black armour instead of looking like Mr. Henry Neville dressed in a roasting-jack and a flaxen wig; and he was scandalized at the knights having their hair cut. "Where," he asks, "is the fair hair, where the robes, where the drapery, where the air of dignity and distinction, in this tight-fitting, black, tin armour? An actor of the highest distinction has to work desperately hard to counteract the impression for which he is not in the least responsible. It was decided—we know not for what reason—that all the principal actors in this play should wear their own hair, Bond Street cut. Never was there a play where assumed hair seemed to be more imperative."

Again, when Mr. Scott touches on the subject of music, he distinguishes between "melody" and "classical music," and is so deeply depressed by sonata form that even the slow movement from Raff's "Im Walde" symphony struck him as an unpardonably dismal business when Herr Armbruster played it at the Lyceum on the first night of "Michael." He also complains because Gounod's music is not used in the Lyceum "Faust." Painting and music seem to affect his imagination as ruins affected the imagination of Sir Walter Scott—that is, by setting him thinking of something else. His criticism of all stage effects, scenic or personal, which appeal to the cultivated intelligence of the eye and ear, instead of to the heart, is quite commonplace.

When I say that Mr. Scott is also unable to recognize a feeling when it is presented to him in the form of a thought—unless of course that thought has been so long associated with it that the distinction between them has vanished, and the utterance of the thought has become the natural expression of the feeling—I touch the disability which has brought him into conflict with the later developments of the drama. Like all energetic spirits, he was a pioneer at first, fighting for the return to nature in Robertson's plays against the stagey stuff which he found in possession of the theatre. Since that time the unrelenting march of evolution has brought us past Robertson. Our feeling has developed and put new thoughts into our heads; and our brains have developed and interpreted our feelings to us more critically. Ideas which were formerly only conceived by men of genius like Ibsen, or intensely energetic spirits like Nietzsche, are freely used by dramatists like Sudermann, and are beginning to creep into quite ordinary plays, just as I can remember the pet discords of Schumann and Wagner beginning to creep into the music-hall after a period of fashionable novelty in the drawing-room. When Ibsen's "Ghosts" forced the old ideas to take up the challenge of the new, Mr. Scott was the only critic whose attack on Ibsen was really memorable. In the ranks which he led there was plenty of elderly peevishness and envious disparagement, virtuous indignation and vicious scurrility, with the usual quantity of time-serving caution among the more considerate; but Mr. Scott alone, looking neither forward nor backward, gave utterance to his horror like a man wounded to the quick in his religion, his affections, his enthusiasms—in the deepest part of him. I greatly doubt whether to this day he has any adequate conception of the way in which he pitched into us who were on the other side during those moments when he was persuaded that we were filthy-minded traffickers in mere abomination. But he came off with the advantage of the doughty fighter who lays on with conviction: he had not only the excitement of the combat and the satisfaction of making his quarterstaff ring on the heads of his adversaries, but he sowed no harvest of malice, rather establishing on us the claim of an old opponent, always a strong claim in a free country. The incident was the more curious because I am persuaded that if the feeling that is at the bottom of "Ghosts" were presented dramatically as a simple and direct plea for the right of a man of affectionate, easy, convivial temperament to live a congenial life, instead of skulking into the kitchen after the housemaid, and stealing a morsel of pleasure in the byways of drink and disease when his conscientiously conventional wife and her spiritual adviser were not looking, Mr. Scott would be one of its most merciful

critics. But Mr. Scott is not a thinker: whatever question you raise with him you must raise as a question of conduct, which is a matter of feeling, and not of creed, which is a matter of intellectual order. The notion that when conduct conflicts with creed, the question as to which of the two is in the wrong is an open one—that it is not alone humanity that is constantly on its trial, but the ethical, political, and religious systems that claim implicit obedience from humanity—that a deliberate violation of these systems may be, not a weakness to be pitied and pardoned, but an assertion of human worth to be championed and carried to victory in the teeth of all constitutions, churches, principles, and ideals whatsoever: this, which explains all that is peculiar in the attitude of the modern movement, especially in dramatic poetry, has no meaning for Mr. Scott. He will not, when the time comes, be an enemy of the drama which tacitly assumes it: his sympathy will secure him against that; but the drama which asserts and argues it—which is polemical rather than instinctive in its poignancy—will never be tolerated by him.

I need not say that a volume of criticisms dealing with Lyceum productions exclusively does not cover those newly opened regions in which the steadiness of Mr. Scott's footing is doubtful. The book is full of old drawings by Mr. Barnard, which, however, are surpassed in delicacy, charm, and fidelity by the newer ones from the hand of Mr. Partridge (Mr. Bernard Gould), and photographic portraits, among which I miss that of Mr. Scott himself. Perhaps the few notes I have made above on my fellow-critic may help to supply the deficiency. For form's sake, I will add just this ghost of a criticism on a passage in the book. When "Olivia" was revived at the Lyceum, Mr. Scott was so much touched by the point at which the Vicar, trying to lecture Olivia for her wickedness, breaks down and clasps her in his arms (who does not remember Miss Terry's head dropping as she took the attitude of the reproofed child?), that he records with enthusiasm the astonishment and delight of the house, adding, "As regards acting, it was a moment of true inspiration, a masterpiece of invention." But now, in cold blood, Mr. Scott will agree with me, I think, that the invention is clearly the author's, and that the original Vicar produced the same effect. Indeed, to my mind, he produced it better than Sir Henry Irving, whose embrace I thought too loverlike. Mr. Hermann Vezin, a less passionate actor, was for that very reason a more old-fashionedly fatherly Dr. Primrose than his eminent successor.

Mr. Archer's article in the "World" is an elaborate demonstration that my opinion of "Henry IV." at the Haymarket is not a criticism, but a purely theoretic deduction from my race, my diet, my politics—in short, my nature and environment. And he argues that it is a monstrous injustice that Mr. Beerbohm Tree should be made to suffer for my nature and environment. What outrageous nonsense! Besides, Mr. Tree is infinitely obliged to me; for all London, it appears, is flocking to the Haymarket to see whether "Henry IV." is really so bad as I think it. G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

MONEY was plentiful during the past week, and there was some demand for it. Loan rates, however, did not advance beyond $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for day-to-day loans and $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. for short loans; but the rate for fortnightly loans in connexion with the Stock Exchange Settlement was rather higher than of late, varying between $1\frac{1}{2}$ and $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. Dulness and steadiness were the characteristics of the Discount Market, the Stock Exchange Settlement and the termination of the month lessening the demand for bills. The rate for three, four and six months' bills was $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The Bank rate remains at 2 per cent. On the Stock Exchange attention was chiefly given to the arrangement of the Settlement. The continuation rates were universally low, even for the more speculative stocks, owing to the plentifulness of money. Home Government stocks were firm, and Consols rose on Thursday to $113\frac{3}{4}$ for money and for the account, in

anticipation of the $\frac{1}{2}$ dividend to be taken off on 3 June. Home Corporations were very firm. Indian Government stocks and Colonial loans also showed a strong tendency.

The latest traffic returns of the Home Railways were excellent in every way; and it is not to be wondered at that there has been a good deal of buying on the part of the public during the past week. "Heavies" were $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ higher than last week, whilst the passenger lines were also $\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ dearer. Among the more notable increases were those on the London and North-Western (£35,553), the Great Western (£32,460), the Midland (£29,648), the Lancashire and Yorkshire (£18,764), the North-Eastern (£16,111), the Great Eastern (£14,440), the Great Northern (£10,957), the London and South-Western (£10,357), and the London and Brighton (£10,192). The American Railway Market was depressed by large gold shipments. Little business was done and prices were generally weak. The market was more neglected than ever. Bonds were steady. Canadian Pacific shares, after touching 63 on Tuesday, closed at 64 $\frac{1}{2}$ on Wednesday: on Thursday they touched at one time 64 $\frac{3}{4}$, but dropped again to 64 $\frac{1}{2}$. Grand Trunk stocks were also inclined to rise.

The Monthly Settlement on the Buenos Ayres Bolsa is near at hand, and the gold premium has declined to about 201. "Argentines" continue to remain in public favour, and most of the Government and Railway stocks are higher again. "Brazilians" were, on the other hand, weaker, and "Chilians" rather hung fire, the last loan issued at 93 $\frac{1}{2}$ being again at about 3 discount. "Uruguays" were about $\frac{1}{2}$ better than last week. The rumoured tax on the Rente and the state of affairs in Crete had a slightly disturbing effect on the Paris Bourse, and "Internationals" were consequently dull here. Egyptian, Spanish, and Russian stocks were unchanged, and Italian were only fractionally better than they were a week ago. Turkish stock and Ottoman Bank shares suffered a temporary drop owing to the Cretan disturbances, but they partly recovered before the end of the week.

The recent news from the Transvaal has had a depressing effect on the South African Market, and there was a considerable reduction both in transactions and in prices. Continental selling likewise contributed to weaken the market. Continuation rates were easy. We hear that Messrs. Morton, Rose, & Co. are to bring out about £1,000,000 of Four per Cent. Debentures, guaranteed by the Transvaal Government, for the construction of a new railway from Pretoria to Pietersburg. The issue price will, we understand, be about par. In the General Mining Market there was a fair amount of business done, especially in Indian gold shares. Copper was dearer, and Rio Tinto went up on Thursday to nearly 27s., partly on account of re-purchases by option sellers in Paris. Silver advanced to 31 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. on Continental demand, but rupee paper was unchanged at 63 $\frac{3}{4}$.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

THE HOTEL CECIL, LIMITED.

Numerous letters have reached us from different parts of the country in connexion with our criticisms of the Hotel Cecil Company scheme and its promoters. We must thank our correspondents for the various suggestions and, in some cases, the useful information they have been good enough to send, which will be of great assistance to us in the future. There appears to be a general feeling of disappointment that none of the £400,000 Debentures of the Hotel Cecil, Limited, were allotted to ordinary, or "outside," applicants, though, as may be remembered, we stated in our last issue that the so-called "vendors" were going to appropriate the whole of the Debenture issue. It must be acknowledged, however, that the prospectus of the Company was very misleading in this respect; for though in two different parts of the prospectus it is clearly stated that the Debentures "are now offered for subscription," in another part it is equally clearly set forth that they are to be issued to the "vendors," the United Realization Company, Limited, "or their

nominees," in part payment of the purchase-money. Of course these gentlemen never had any intention of presenting the public with such a golden key to the situation as these Debentures represent. The "vendors," and "their nominees," are much too accustomed to quiet little deals of this description to let such trump-cards so easily pass from their hands. The following letter fairly expresses the opinion on this question to which we have referred:—

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, 27 May, 1896.

SIR,—As a creditor of the Liberator Building Society I beg to thank you for the just and able article on the Hotel Cecil, Limited, contained in your last issue. I applied for a £100 Debenture in this Company, and specially mentioned that I was a shareholder and debenture holder in the United Realization Company, Limited; but I received a letter of regret saying that, owing to the large number of applicants, it was not possible to allot any to me. The "Statist" of last Saturday says that a question arises whether or not the creditors are not entitled to priority of allotment, but the directors ignore these claims and give priority and the best security to *their friends*. It would have been some consolation to the creditors to have received an allotment in debentures charged on the principal asset of the Liberator Society, and I trust that before the issue of the other £200,000 Debentures you may be able to draw such attention to this matter that the just claims of the creditors will be recognized by those who are (unfortunately) in authority. I enclose my name and address.—Your obedient servant, PERPLEXED.

Opinions may differ as to the value of the Hotel Cecil, but that it is, as our correspondent points out, the principal asset of the Liberator Society there can be no doubt; and it is not an exhilarating reflection! But when we come to consider that, comparatively small though the value may be, it is evidently not intended that the poor victims of the Liberator frauds shall derive any benefit from this asset, it becomes a standing disgrace and scandal that such practices should be carried on with impunity. These unfortunate creditors of the Liberator Society are offered the shares of the Hotel Cecil, Limited, whilst sleek financiers appropriate the debentures, to which alone any profit will attach. We do not hesitate to prophesy that the subscribers for the shares of the Hotel Cecil, Limited, will lose every sixpence of their money. It is not at all difficult to foresee the end. The Hotel will come to grief—must come to grief; and then the debenture holders will foreclose. They have done it before, these debenture holders, and they know something about holding debentures! It is not too late, however, to remedy matters to some extent, if the Liberator creditors will act in unison. The interests of those creditors are supposed to be under the protection of the Court, and the Court should be moved to more efficiently protect them. To put any degree of faith in the Debenture Corporation, Limited, is to rely upon something even worse than a rotten reed. The Debenture Corporation has its own salvation to work out—a course of proceeding which does not involve safeguarding the few remaining interests of the Liberator victims.

JONES & HIGGINS, LIMITED.

A "STAG" ALLOTMENT.

It is now quite evident that Messrs. Coates, Son, & Co., the stockbrokers, have aimed at repeating, in regard to Jones & Higgins, Limited, the curious methods which they pursued in connexion with the "Warner's Safe Cure" scheme a few years ago. Whether they will achieve in the present instance the same questionable success which attended their efforts on the other occasion remains to be seen; though, if we remember rightly, in the case of the "Warner" promotion they were forced to make some amount of restitution. However this may be, Messrs. Coates, Son, & Co. have, by their behaviour since the issue of the Jones & Higgins prospectus, materially aided us in fully demonstrating the dubious character of that promotion. It appears that several *bona fide* and early applicants for substantial numbers of shares

were refused any allotment whatever. The following is a fair specimen of several letters which we have lately received giving information to this effect:—

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDONDERRY, 23 May, 1896.

SIR,—I have read with approval your criticisms of Jones & Higgins, Limited. The undue delay and the arbitrary allotments are almost unique in the annals even of disreputable company-promotion. At the request of the firm of Jones & Higgins, I applied in good time to their brokers, Messrs. Coates, Son, & Co., for 1,500 shares, and hold their receipt accordingly. Judge my surprise when, after keeping my cash (some £200) nearly three weeks (at a loss of interest to me) Messrs. Coates, Son, & Co. on the 21st instant wrote refusing any allotment, assigning as their only reason that the applications were in excess of the total capital offered. With such crooked methods at the start, what is to be the character of the finish? Thanking you in anticipation for insertion, and for your manly financial criticisms,

I am (with card enclosed), yours faithfully,

MANUFACTURER.

As stated in our issue of the 16th instant, we are of opinion that the "disappointed" applicants for shares in Jones & Higgins, Limited, are to be congratulated. We have two reasons to give for taking this view: first of all, the Company is absurdly over-capitalized, and, secondly, we have reason to believe that the true condition of the business of Jones & Higgins was not revealed in the prospectus of the Company which was issued to the public. Lest, however, there may be those amongst our readers likely to be misled by Messrs. Coates, Son, & Co.'s action in refusing fairly large subscriptions for shares, we may point out that they have taken this course solely to encourage the public and others either to buy the shares of Jones & Higgins, Limited, at inflated prices in the market, or else to sell a "bear" of them, in the hope of realizing a profit. Whichever of these two things they may happen to do, Messrs. Coates, Son, & Co. will catch them; for it must be borne in mind that the market of Jones & Higgins, Limited (like the market of "Warner's Safe Cure"), is not by any means an "open" market. The market of Jones & Higgins, Limited, is Messrs. Coates, Son, & Co.

INVICTA GOLD MINES, LIMITED.

A "NO PROSPECTUS" COMPANY.

We have been glad to perceive a marked diminution lately in the number of companies issued without prospectus and appealing to the public for support. The practice has been so universally condemned, and its objects are now so well known, that promoters have not found it worth their while to continue to issue these enterprises. Like the purse trick and the three-card trick, the "no prospectus" company crops up here and there intermittently, but its glory has faded, and there is really no money in it. We hope that the Invicta Gold Mines, Limited, is the last, as it appears to us to be one of the least inviting, of this exploded industry.

KADUR-MYSORE GOLD MINES, LIMITED.

Our attention has been directed to certain sensational advertisements, illustrated with maps, &c. of the Kadur-Mysore Gold Mines, Limited, which have recently appeared in the financial papers, and our opinion has been asked as to the substantiality of the Company in question. We regard the advertisements referred to as part of an impudent attempt to raise money for a concern which, although it is now put forward in a new garb, was started upwards of five years ago, and has been, and is, an admitted failure. The Kadur-Mysore Gold Mines, Limited, was formed in March 1891, when it was offered to the public with a capital of £100,000 in £1 shares. The result of the issue was extremely disappointing to the promoters, who have since reduced the shares to a 5s. denomination, in the belief, we presume, that they will be taken up more readily, though it is to be hoped that this will not be the case. Of the original Directors, six in number, only two remain. One of these, a Mr. Edward T. Read, who is the promoter of the Company under review, may be remembered by some of our readers in connexion with the notorious Stanley Gold Mining fiasco. Mr. Read is also closely connected with the

Explorers' Syndicate, and the New Explorers' Syndicate, to which we referred last week, as well as with a large number of indifferent projects which have from time to time emanated from Copthall House, E.C. We need hardly add that the 5s. shares of the Kadur-Mysore Gold Mines, Limited, should be carefully avoided.

JAY'S, LIMITED.

It may be news to a great many that the business of Jay's, of Regent Street, has been hawked about from one company-promoter to another for some years past. It was first of all offered to Mr. H. J. Lawson, to whose unenviable notoriety we have lately devoted some attention, but nothing came of the negotiations. Shortly afterwards, Messrs. Chadwick & Co. had the business under consideration, but thought proper to decline it. Mr. H. S. Foster was then approached, but it appears that he suffered from certain superstitions, founded on early religious beliefs, in regard to mourning businesses, so the proposal fell through. Other promoters were sounded, but without any definite arrangement being come to. At last, Messrs. Williamson & Murray, who know as much about mourning businesses as they do about South African mines, agreed to undertake the flotation, and we scarcely think it could have fallen into more incompetent hands. The prospectus is ill-drawn, and the issue altogether has been badly arranged. The capital is excessive, and the idea of issuing the preference shares at £1 premium ridiculous. We hear that attempts are being made to work the allotments on the Jones & Higgins-Coates, Son, & Co. principle. Utter failure will be the result of that kind of thing. We do not think that Mr. T. S. Jay would have been likely to sell his business—more especially at the comparatively low figure which we understand the company-promoters have made him take for it—if he had not fully appreciated the meaning of the fierce competition which has for the last two or three years been gradually growing up round his establishment. By "establishment" we, of course, mean the mourning warehouse, for the fur business is of no real account. Regent Street swarms with furriers' shops, and furriers' shops which are of a much less expensive nature from the purchaser's point of view than Mr. Jay's International Fur Stores. But the standing menace to the mourning business is undoubtedly Peter Robinson's much more extensive opposition mourning establishment which has been opened right opposite Mr. Jay's. We invite Mr. T. S. Jay to deny this, and also to say if it is not a fact that Peter Robinson's extension in this direction has not had a marked effect upon the takings of Jay's Mourning Warehouse. Investors should bear such facts as these in mind. Where, ten years ago, Jay's was about the only really first-class place for mourning materials, there are now three or four equally celebrated emporiums, all of which, if what we hear is true, are much less expensive to the general customer than Mr. Jay's establishment.

UNITED AUSTRALIAN EXPLORATION, LIMITED.

A correspondent complains of our short criticism of the "no prospectus" United Australian Exploration, Limited, because he happens to have put a little money into it; and, by way of proving that our criticism must be unjust, he sends us cuttings of paragraphs which have appeared in other newspapers puffing the concern. Ours would, indeed, be a hard fate if we had to refrain from criticizing worthless companies just because foolish members of the public had invested their money in them; but we cannot think that a regular reader of the SATURDAY REVIEW would be likely to purchase shares in any of those notoriously unsound promotions, which come before the public without a prospectus being issued. As regards the views expressed by other papers, we do not, as a rule, criticize the conduct of our contemporaries. That paragraphs puffing very dubious ventures are often inserted in certain of our contemporaries we are well aware, but it is no business of ours; the readers of such newspapers will soon find out for themselves if the views of those papers are honestly expressed. No amount of favourable opinions culled from journals of indifferent repute would persuade us to alter our opinion of the United Australian Exploration, Limited. This is a Company in regard to the formation of which only the barest details are forthcoming, and the persons

connected with it bear unenviable financial reputations. We do not know that the United Australian Exploration, Limited, with its paper capital of £1,000,000, has any property whatever, but it is our firm opinion that money invested in its shares would be lost.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TRANSVAAL PRISONERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

DUBLIN, 25 May, 1896.

SIR,—I shall not dispute your remarks as to the excessive severity of the sentences passed on the four prisoners who were capitally convicted at Pretoria. But if the case had been reversed and four Boers had been convicted of high treason against the British Government, what would the result have been? That every one of them would have been sentenced to penal servitude for life, and that sentence would have been left unaltered until the very day that the Home Secretary decided on liberating them. This is the course which we almost invariably adopt when we decide on not carrying out a capital sentence. A prisoner under sentence of penal servitude for life may be liberated at any moment when it is deemed expedient, and his sentence may be carried out literally (it is usually limited to twenty years, however), if release is deemed inexpedient. President Kruger is merely taking a leaf out of our own book, and even that leaf he has not fully copied. Indeed, if he copied it fully there would be very little hope of a release for ten years—that being the period which red-tape assigns for the first reconsideration in the case of a male offender. With a female the period is shortened to seven years—unless, of course, there are doubts about her guilt, in which case reconsideration must be deferred for some time longer, because the public would regard liberation as an admission that the doubts were well founded. Indeed, the system of stating at the outset what punishment you mean to inflict is a relic of barbarism, and is specially barbarous where the case has any political bearing like those of Daly and Gallagher. If every one was sentenced for life on conviction, and sentences reconsidered at more frequent intervals and freely reduced wherever the guilt of the prisoner was universally admitted, our system would become ideally perfect. No verdict would ever be challenged if it were known that the effect of challenging it would be in all cases to increase the duration of the punishment, and universal confidence would thus be established in the administration of justice in this country. The utility of punishment depends, as the late Sir J. F. Stephen pointed out, not on the actual guilt of the prisoner, but on the general belief in his guilt; and if we can suppress all expressions of disbelief, its utility will thus attain a maximum. This consummation the Home Office is earnestly seeking to accomplish.

Kruger is right and we are right. Sentences ought only to aim at showing what we *can* do if we are driven to do it. "I *can* kill this man or this woman by imprisonment: and if you do not act as I wish I *will* do it," is a very wholesome principle. How are we to put down inconvenient agitations without it? I hope the President will not allow himself to be frightened by English expressions of opinion, but will stick to his fifteen years' imprisonment up to the very day that he finds it most expedient for himself and his country to let the prisoners go.—Truly yours, AN ASQUITHITE.

LORD HALIFAX'S BILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

LONDON, 26 May, 1896.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "E. G. P. Wyatt," charges you in last week's issue with "some confusion of mind" on the subject of Lord Halifax's Bill for the Amendment of the Divorce Act. Confusion of mind there is, but not, sir, on your part. "E. G. P. Wyatt" writes as follows:—"To begin with, you say: 'It is proposed to prohibit the marriage in any church of the Church of England of any one who has been divorced.' I believe that this is not so, and that it only prohibits the remarriage of a guilty divorcee." A person who has been divorced is a divorcee, and is guilty, or he or she would not have been divorced. As a civilian I

do not recognize any law but a statute. Of course, a religious or civil corporation may make rules, which, if not contrary to public policy, it may enforce by its own penalties on its own members. But the Church of England is not in the position of an ordinary corporation. It is as much a statutory Church as the Sovereign is a statutory King or Queen. Indeed, the Sovereign is by statute the head of the Church, whose prayers and ritual are regulated by Act of Parliament, and whose bishops are appointed by the Prime Minister. It is, therefore, idle to talk of "a law of the Church" as distinguished from a law of Parliament.

"E. G. P. Wyatt" says that the consciences of those who have been divorced in the colonies for cruelty, desertion, or habitual drunkenness "have no right to be squeamish over making use of the Registrar's office." In his confusion of mind "E. G. P. Wyatt" forgets that it takes two people to make a marriage, and that the other party would have every right to object to the use of the Registrar's office—Your obedient servant, ERASTIAN.

HOTEL CHARGES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I enclose you the bill I paid last week for a night's lodging at the Randolph Hotel, Oxford, which I think you will agree with me is grossly extortionate. For my bedroom, a back-room looking on to the leads, I had to pay 6s., 1s. 6d. for attendance, and 1s. 6d. for a bath; so that before touching a morsel of food I was charged 9s. Is there any hotel in Paris which would charge 10 fr. 80 c. for a single bedroom and bath? Is there any hotel in London that would charge as much? But the charge for food at this precious hotel is as exorbitant—though worse in quality—as the charge for lodging. I was charged 6s. for a table d'hôte dinner (uneatable, as usual), and 4s. for breakfast, consisting of tea, toast, and whiting. Is not this last charge perfectly monstrous? Nearly five francs for a piece of fried fish, costing a few pence! Finally, I was charged 6s. for my servant's food, not including lodging, for he had to find a bed outside; though the charge in every hotel, all over the country, is 5s. for a servant's board and lodging. Luckily I was able to depart before lunch, or my day's stay would have cost me 30s., which is more than I have ever paid for a day in the most expensive hotel in New York; though I admit I have not tested the tariff of the Waldorf House.

On complaining of these charges I was told it was the "Eights week," as if that was the slightest excuse for robbing travellers. But the moral of all this is that there is a splendid opening for a good new hotel at Oxford. There is a steady flow of visitors to Oxford all the year round, owing to the University; and in the spring, summer, and autumn the charms of Oxford, "whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age," as Matthew Arnold puts it, attract crowds of Americans, foreigners, and cultivated Britons. Then Oxford is a capital bicycling centre for tours to the West or the Midlands; and if there were a really good hotel, with decent cooking and reasonable charges, a considerable development of this business might be looked for. The dividends earned by the Gordon Hotels Company and the Savoy show that there is money in hotels.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

"VACUUS" (after a night at the Randolph)
"VIATOR."

THE FAULT OF THE BRITONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LEIDEN, 22 May, 1896.

SIR,—On page 504 of your REVIEW (16 May, 1896), "Inquirer" asks:

"Does it not strike you in reading the letter of your correspondent from Pretoria that now as of old

'In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch is giving too little and asking too much'?"

May I give an answer to "Inquirer" (and Canning)?

"Perhaps it is true, but the fault of the Britons

Is taking the bulk and leaving a pittance."

And may I pray you to mention this answer in your REVIEW, or give it a place?—I remain, dear Sir, your obedient servant, G. FRASER, Colonel.

FURTHER TELEGRAMS FROM THE TRANSSVAAL, AND THE MAPS.

WE publish to-day a further series of documents which have just arrived from Pretoria, and which complete the evidence produced against the Reformers at the recent trial. On pages 554-556 will be found half-sized but exact reproductions of the maps we have heard so much about. The large one marks the line of invasion from Mafeking to Johannesburg, distances, elevations, and watercourses being clearly brought out. This is the famous map that, according to the Transvaal authorities, was "found on the battlefield in the immediate vicinity of the spot where Dr. Jameson was when he surrendered"—a spot, by the way, which is not marked on the map; for, like the maps served out to the French officers on the eve of the great war, this document was intended for victors, and made no allowance for failure. Consequently, when the raiders were checked at Krugersdorp and forced to make a detour in order to reach Johannesburg, they found themselves in a country to which they possessed no clue.

The two smaller plans on the same large sheet are sketches of Pretoria itself, and of the surrounding country, and their importance requires but little comment. The road into Pretoria is marked on the left-hand one as coming from the south—from the direction, that is, of Johannesburg. And on this plan attached to the large route map will be seen certain figures and letters referring to a side-note. These show that when Pretoria had been seized from the south, a body of 500 men was at once to be thrown out to occupy and hold the heights to the east, one troop of 100 men to hold Hartebeeste Poort, four troops with two guns to command the railway from Middelburg at the points marked B, C, and D, and a troop of scouts to hold the pass marked E. It would be impossible to escape the presumption suggested by these details had this map been proved to belong to Dr. Jameson or to any of his chief officers. But this essential link is wanting, and consequently this map has no value as evidence.

The following one-page map suffers from a similar defect. This map or plan, we are told, is the one found among Colonel Robert White's papers ("Bobby"), in a tin box, after the surrender, presumably the same tin box in which the key to the wonderful cipher was found. The suggestion of the prosecution was that the plan was in Colonel White's handwriting; but of this there was no evidence, not even such as would satisfy the loose ideas of proof entertained by the Pretoria tribunal. Colonel White, however, had admittedly been in Pretoria in October or November, and the plan is executed on the paper of the "Transvaal Hotel" in that town. But even if we admit that Colonel White made the plan, the presumption that it was to be used in the raid is still merely a presumption. It is no unusual thing for officers to make maps of towns; Napoleon, we know, as a young man made battle-plans of all the towns he passed through. We repeat, these maps are interesting; but as evidence they have no worth.

We have also received copies of the vouchers of the Standard Bank of South Africa which show that the financial side of the movement, at any rate, was not neglected, sums amounting to £71,000 having been drawn by Colonel Rhodes from the British South Africa Company, and paid in to the credit of the "New Concession Syndicate" between 24 October and 9 January. The earlier deposits were nominally made by one Sharwood; the later ones by B. W. Schumacher, a clerk in the employ of Eckstein & Co. (*i.e.* Lionel Phillips). This Schumacher supplied the only diversion at the tedious preliminary proceedings before the Landdrost. He was asked to explain all about this New Concession Syndicate, of which he was secretary, and how it came to get so much money, but he could not assist the Court in any way. He admitted that he had destroyed all the memoranda, and also the cheque-books and cheques which he had received back from the Standard Bank. He said he had destroyed them because the object of the Syndicate had been accomplished. Asked what that object was, he said he did not know, and had never been told. Whereupon the

Landdrost arose in his wrath and committed him for contempt. The proceedings were adjourned, and on appeal to Judge de Korte the decision of the Landdrost was overruled; but on further appeal to the full Court Judge de Korte was overruled in his turn. It may not be without interest to mention here that this Judge de Korte has, according to subsequent telegrams, been suspended on charges of bribery.

We have received, too, certified copies of all the telegrams, but as most of them have been published already, we reproduce only the two or three which have apparently suffered by transmission over the wires. The copies before us have been carefully verified and compared, word by word, with the originals in the possession of the Transvaal Attorney-General. The first to which we call attention is one from "Stevens, Cape Town, 13 Dec., to Col. Rhodes, Johannesburg." The beginning of it duly appeared, along with a couple of columns of other telegrams, in the "Times" of 1 May, as follows:—

"Dr. Jameson wires most strongly to urge no postponement of shareholders' meeting and let J. H. Hammond inform weak partners any delay most injurious. Dr. Wolff will explain fully reasons at Directors' meeting."

So far the "Times," but by a strange telegraphic omission the two concluding lines do not seem to have reached Printing House Square. In the original the telegram concludes:—

"The London 'Times' also cables confidentially that postponement of meeting would be a most unwise course."

Now what was the London "Times" doing in that galley, and how came it that these interesting words dropped out between Pretoria and London? When a rumour of this "confidential" telegram reached Paris *via* the well-informed "Temps" Correspondent at Pretoria, M. de Blowitz at once wired it on to London, and the "Times" loftily declared that it was "untrue." The denial lacks precision; but even if it were precise, we should still be unsatisfied. This lie of Stevens' manifestly derives its power from the partizan-ship shown by the "Times," which cannot be denied.

The second telegram in which there is a variation is the puzzling one from "Harris, Cape Town, 27 Dec., to Jameson, Pitsani," which received different interpretations from the "Times," and Mr. Chamberlain, and ourselves. After all, the confusion seems to have arisen from a misprint in the Johannesburg "Press," in which it appeared, complicated with an attempt at emendation. The first version in the "Press" ran:—

"Mr. Rhodes says, do not be blamed at our having 600 men at Pitsani. I have the right to have them. You know we are sorting the B. S. A. Police for eventual distribution, and if they are so foolish as to think we are threatening the Transvaal, we cannot help that."

The first line would not read, so it was altered to—

"Mr. Rhodes says No; not be blamed at our having 600 men, &c." But the original is simply—

"Mr. Rhodes says do not be *alarmed*, and so forth."

Finally comes the "Ichabod" telegram sent to Jameson, when it apparently was seen at Cape Town that "the game was up":—

"From Harris, Cape Town.

To Jameson, Pitsani.

Goold Adams arrives Mafeking, Monday, and Heany, I think, arrives to-night; after seeing him you and (he) must judge regarding flotation; but all our foreign friends are now dead against it and say public will not subscribe one penny towards it even with you as a director.—Ichabod.

Sg. J. R. H., Sec.
B. S. A. Co."

28.12.95.

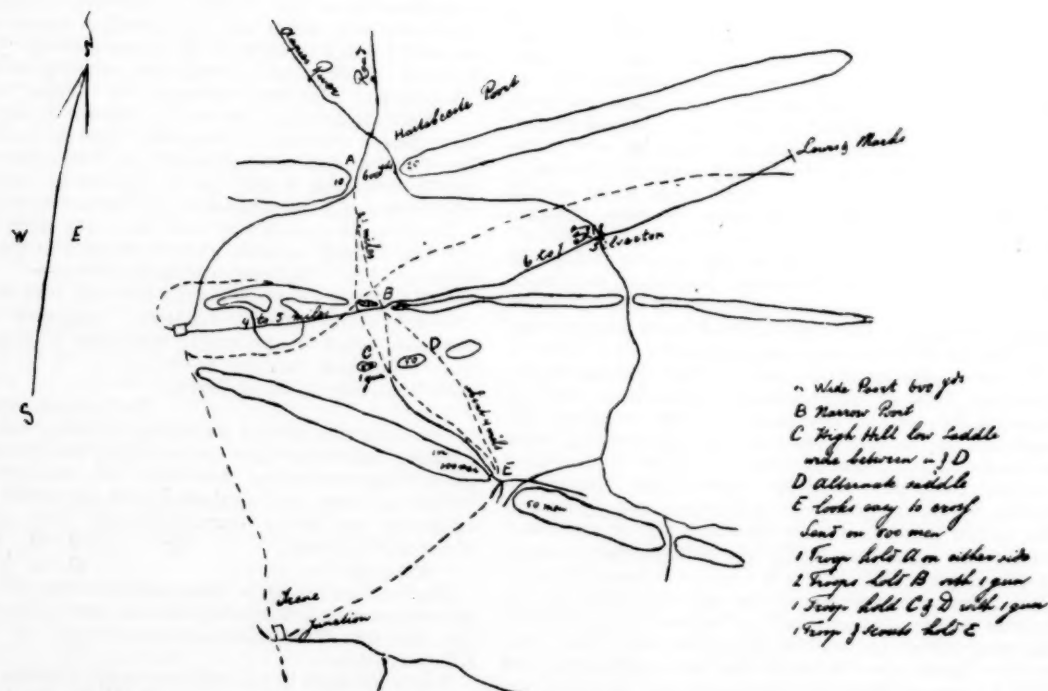
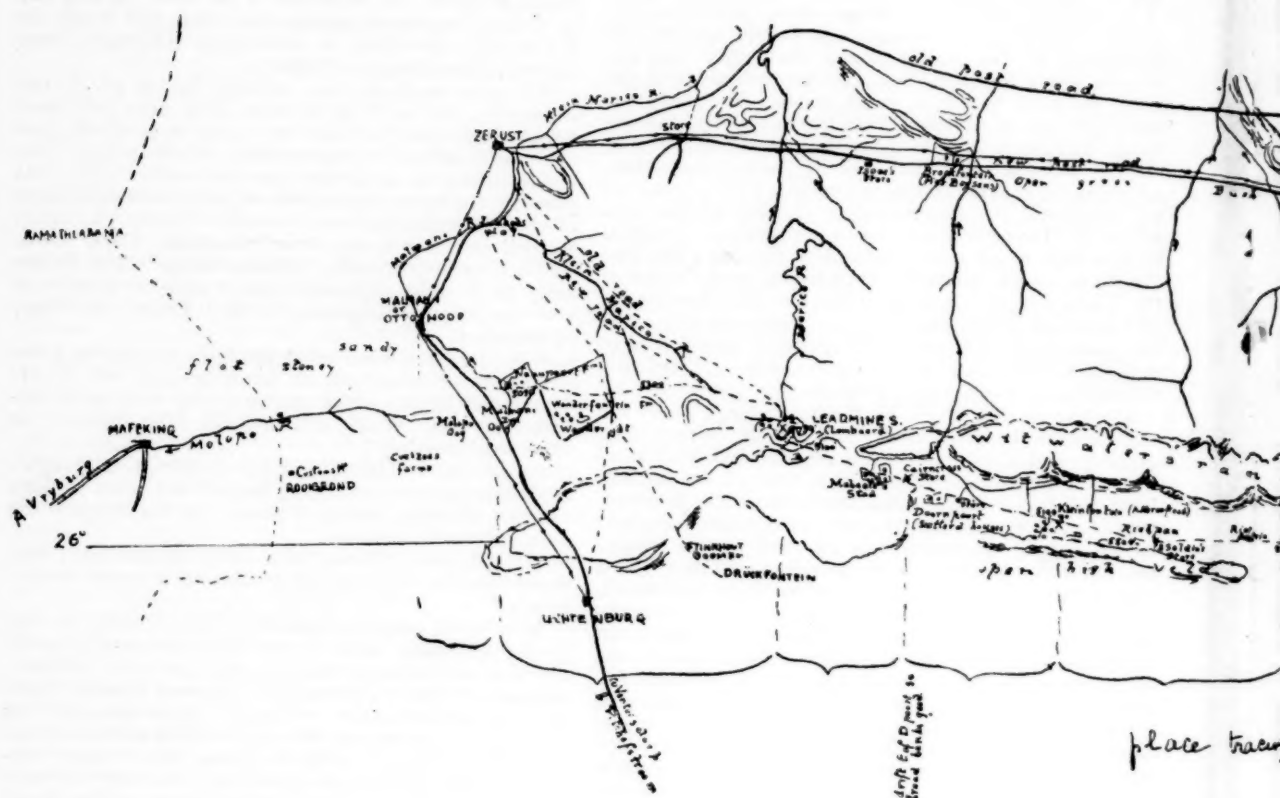
The curious thing is that, concurrently with this, or just before it, another telegram was sent to Jameson by Mr. Stevens "On Company's service." It runs as follows:—

"It is all right if you will only wait: Captain Maurice Heany come to you from Col. F. W. Rhodes by special train to-day.—On Company's service,

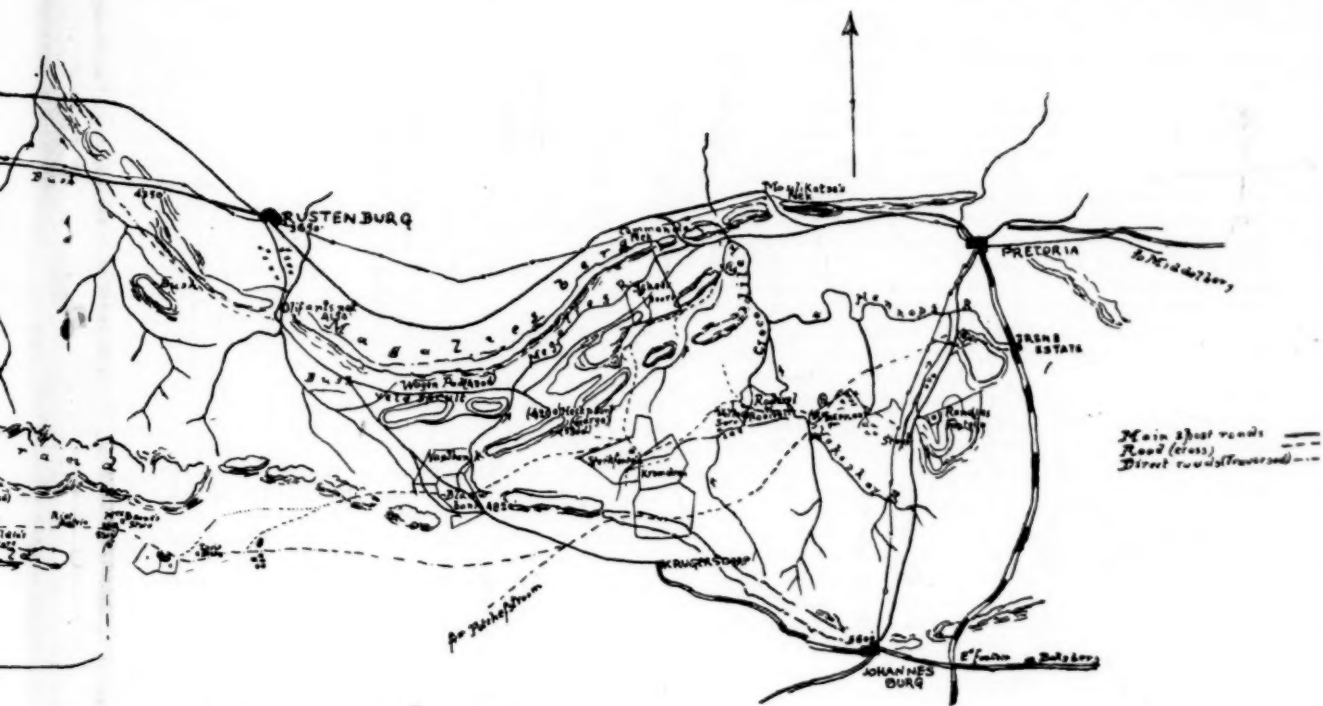
Sg. J. A. STEVENS,
For B. S. A. Co."

28.12.95.

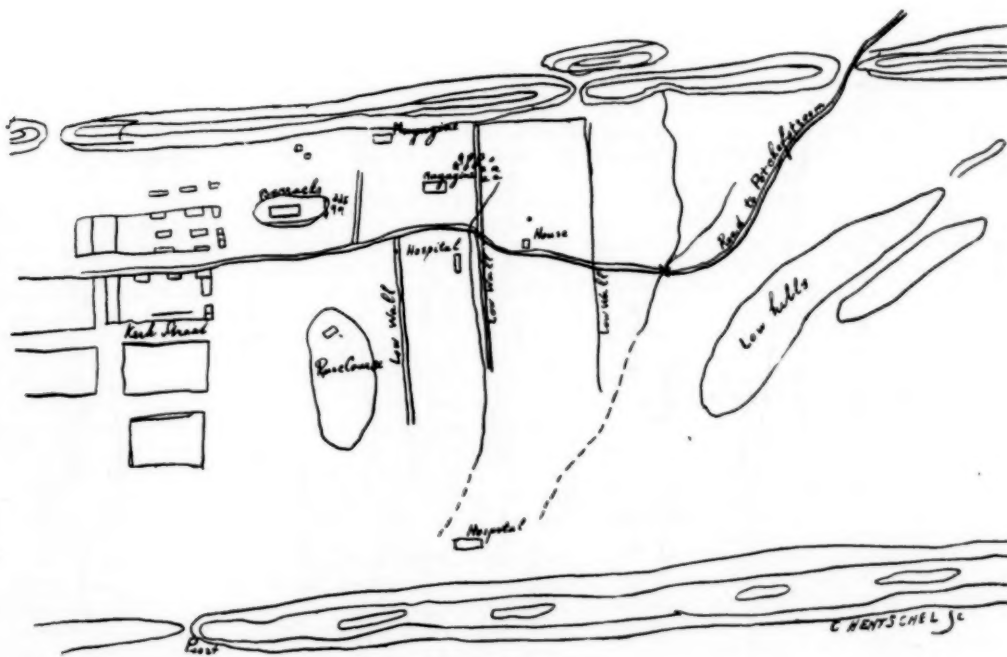
Shall we ever know the exact terms of the message which Captain Heany carried to Pitsani? Did "Ichabod" mean anything, or was it merely an untimely jest?



This Map "was picked up," according to the Transvaal authorities, "by two Burghers on the battlefield in the immediate neighbourhood of the site of the battle of Mafeking, and was brought back by Jameson's force from Mafeking to Krugersdorp. The small map in the left-hand corner shows the approach of the barracks and magazine and other important buildings."



ice tracing on Troyer map of Transvaal



in the immediate vicinity of the spot where Jameson was when he surrendered." The upper map shows the route followed the approach to Pretoria from the south, and what points should be fortified; the other small map gives the position and other important strategical points in Pretoria.

REVIEWS.

THE SIMPLE ART OF POPULAR PATHOS.

"A Doctor of the Old School." By "Ian Maclaren."
London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1895.

IT is a curious thing to pass immediately, in the promiscuous course of one's reviewing, from such a masterpiece as Mr. Conrad's "Outcast of the Islands," true, powerful, and abundantly humorous, to such another masterpiece as "A Doctor of the Old School." For indisputably the latter book is a masterpiece, though of a different art than the literary. It is a masterpiece of those seemingly simple yet really subtle and difficult expedients by which the favour of the great public is attained and secured; it appeals not to the intelligence and to the æsthetic sense, but against them—to something wider and deeper and greater, to something which we may very properly and beautifully speak of as the Great Heart of the People. Its methods are entirely different from those of the literary, and it would be surely unfair to Mr. Ian Maclaren to subject him to the test of artistic standards. It would be as reasonable to do as much with the discourse of an electioneer, or the prospectus of a patent pill. It would be as reasonable to condemn the crowbar of a navvy because it was not as beautifully chased and wrought as a Japanese sword. It is a lever to move gross, heavy objects, and if it is efficient, then it is as good a thing as the sword, in its own way. Because Mr. Maclaren fails altogether to give us anything like human beings in his book, and because he keeps his work clear of either imagination or humour, that is no reason why he should bear himself abjectly before an artist like Mr. Conrad in the improbable accident of a meeting. He has his uses, he touches the Great Heart, and the crowbar must ever precede the fine arts in the history of cities.

And how vigorously and directly one must strike to touch that Great Heart! Here, for instance, is the kind of thing they like in America, a little paragraph from the preface:—"May I take this first opportunity," he writes, "to declare how deeply my heart has been touched by the favour shown to a simple book by the American people, and to express my hope that one day it may be given me to see you face to face?"

If you would touch, be touched, is indeed the first rule to be observed by the would-be popular writer. This simple, almost inadvertent, indication of the brilliant Transatlantic success of the story is preceded by another casual indication:—"From all parts of the English-speaking world," Mr. Maclaren tells us, "letters have come in commendation of Weelum MacLure, and many were from doctors who had received new courage. It is surely more honour than a new writer could ever have deserved to receive the approbation of a profession whose charity puts us all to shame."

It becomes an interesting thing to study this little volume and see how it is done. It throws quite a vivid light on the Great Heart. An ambiguous style strikes one at the outset. Here is the opening sentence of the masterpiece:—

"Druntochty was accustomed to break every law of health, except wholesome food and fresh air, and yet had reduced the Psalmist's farthest limit to an average life-rate."

Of course Mr. Maclaren does not really mean that Druntochty never broke food or really had reduced the Psalmist's limit; he means that the people really broke a great deal of food and had extended the limit, but that is his muffled way of writing it. Then, again, characterization is superfluous. A distinctive name, and in the case of the principal character plaid trousers with a patch behind, seems to be sufficient for the Great Heart. This is admirably shown—the want of characterization that is—in Mr. Gordon's admirable drawing of the Doctor's funeral. A long procession of Druntochty men winds adown the glen, all stern, all noble, all black-coated, all dour and canny, and all those other Scotch things; they recede into a remote perspective; you cannot tell one character of the story in the picture from another. There isn't one who wouldn't serve passably for Drumsheugh. You could not tell

them in the book if the names were erased. Wives then would not tell their husbands there, or husbands their wives—for the women are all promiscuously "snod" lassies. The only character you can distinguish through the illustrations is the Doctor, and him you tell by a huge beard and those breeches. No doubt they served as a kind of red lamp when he was mixed up with other people at kirk or elsewhere.

The book, says Mr. Maclaren, in his preface to his friend the reader, "has been illustrated by Mr. Gordon after an admirable and understanding fashion," and, although we do not admire his choice of adjectives, we entirely agree with his judgment.

The book, too, is never witty—that indeed perplexes and annoys the Great Heart very much—and it is never intentionally funny. From first to last it deals with dangerous illnesses, suppressed emotions, deaths and burials. The Great Heart loves a burying. But above everything else it loves to read of great strong bearded manly fellows, talking huskily and with manifest difficulty the simple innocent sentimentalities of the boarding-school and the work-room. This kind of thing, when Drumsheugh pays a hundred pounds to bring down a doctor to save Annie. "'She had given her heart tae anither, or a've thocht a' might hae won her, though nae man be worthy o' sic a gift. Ma hert turned tae bitterness, but that passed awa beside the brier bush whar George Hoo lay yon sad simmer time. Some day a'll tell ye ma story, Weelum, for you an' me are auld freends, and will be till we dee.'"

"MacLure felt beneath the table for Drumsheugh's hand, but neither man looked at the other.

"'Weel, a' we can dae noo, Weelum, gin we haena mickle brichtness in oor ain hames, is tae keep the licht frae gaein' oot in anither hoose. Write the telegram, man, and Sandy 'ill send it aff frae Kildrummie this verra nicht, and ye 'ill hae yir man the morn.'"

"'Yir the man a' coonted ye, Drumsheugh; but ye 'ill grant me ae favor. Ye 'ill lat me pay the half, bit by bit—a' ken yir wullin' tae dae't a'—but a' haena mony pleasures, an' a' wud like tae hae ma ain share in savin' Annie's life.'"

How strangely unlike the farming folk and general practitioners the Great Heart meets in life, is it not? That bit of cheap emotion, wrung, as it were reluctantly, out of a strong man, never fails to touch the Great Heart. Nose-blowing and spectacle-wiping in particular it never tires of; this, for instance, has been done a hundred times, and will (thank God for simple hearts!) be done a thousand times more:—

"'A' gaed up tae the Manse last nicht,' concluded Drumsheugh, 'and telt the minister hoo the Doctor foht aucht oors for Saunders' life, an' won, and ye never saw a man sae carried. He walkit up and doon the room a' the time, and every other meenut he blew his nose like a trumpet.'"

"'I've a cold in my head to-night, Drumsheugh,' says he; 'never mind me.'"

"'A've hed the same masel in sic circumstances; they come on sudden,' said Jamie."

And when the Doctor took to his bed "Drumsheugh omitted four pews with the ladle, while Jamie was so vicious on the way home that none could endure him."

When the Doctor died he wandered, and fancied himself here and there, and repeated exceedingly appropriate hymn tunes—

"And in God's home for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be."

"'A'm ready noo, an' a'll get ma kiss when mither comes; a' wish she wud come, for a'm tired an' wantin' tae sleep."

"'Yon's her step . . . an' she's carryin' a licht in her hand; a' see it through the door.'"

Beautiful, isn't it? The thoughts of the tired-out old man going back to the dear mother at the end of his days. And then he dies, and we need scarcely say that "the peace on the Doctor's face was of one who rested from his labours."

It is very pious, very solemn, very simple, very trite, quite obvious, and totally unlike any deathbed that ever happened in the world. And then comes the mourning of the Glen—a snowy day, drifts everywhere. "Jamie proceeded to review the Glen in every detail of age, driftiness of road, and strength of body, till we arrived

at the Doctor's cottage, when he had settled on a reduction of fifty through stress of weather."

Then it comes to light that the Dunleath men have come. "'Drying themselves at the fire, an' no without need; ane of them gied ower the head in a drift, and his neeburs had tae pu' him oot.'"

There is a picture of this incident. "'It's mair than cud be expek't, said Jamie; 'but whar doe yon men come frae, Drumsheugh?'"

"Two men in plaids were descending the hill behind the Doctor's cottage, taking three feet at a stride, and carrying long staffs in their hands."

Glen Urtach men by all that's holy! An illustration shows these men descending the hill. They remark: "'They're three mair Urtach shepherds 'ill come in by sune; they're frae Upper Urtach, an' we saw them fording the river; ma certes it took them a' their time, for it wes up tae their waists, and rinnin' like a mill lade, but they jined hands, and cam ower fine' (illustration).

"'A'm thinkin' ye can collect them for the minister noo, Drumsheugh. A'bod's here except the heich Glen, an' we mauna luke for them.'"

"'Dinna be sae sure o' that, Jamie. Yon's terrible like them on the road, wi' Whinnie at their head; and so it was, twelve in all, only old Adam Ross absent, detained by force, being eighty-two years of age.' And then most wonderful, "'There's something at the turnin', an' it's no fouk; it's a machine o' some kind or ither—maybe a bread cart that's focht its wy up.'"

And it turns out to be Lord Kilspurdie himself come up frae Mustoun Castle. Of this there is an illustration. In fact, in spite of the weather, not a soul stays away, and that apparently is the point of the joke. As the funeral went by "the bairns in the village made such a wail for him they loved that the men nearly disgraced themselves." One more inevitable thing and the book closes. The good Doctor's horse refuses to taste food or to rest, and dies of a broken heart. That, of course, was only to be expected.

It may seem exceedingly simple to do this sort of thing, the babbling of green fields and "mithers" on deathbeds, the impossible self-sacrifices, the nose-blowings and spectacle-wipings, the faithful beast business, and the sentimental addresses to the unknown reader, but the point is that everybody does not do it, and Mr. Maclaren does. Since it pays remarkably well, and since people do not seem to object to doing a great many other tawdry things that pay well, it follows that everybody cannot do this kind of thing. It follows, further, that Mr. Maclaren deserves the success he has won both in kind and quantity. It does not follow, because he is contemptible as a literary artist, and because he cannot write English, that he is to be despised. It is a good thing to touch the Great Heart; perhaps even in the eternal balances it is a better thing than to have testified to the truth in the details of character. At any rate, we wish him well. The American trip his preface foreshadows will inevitably succeed, and the stimulus sales will receive by that face-to-face encounter, should carry him past Messrs. Caine and Crockett to the very summit of successful fiction writers. It is not only a showy but an influential position.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ANTILLES.

"The West Indies and the Spanish Main." By James Rodway, F.L.S. "The Story of the Nations Series." London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1896.

NO historian could desire a more entrancing theme than that with which Mr. James Rodway deals in this work on the Spanish Main and the West Indies. The merest narrative of the events of four centuries in that part of the world is interesting; the veriest citation of fact is romance. One is filled with breathless wonder at the desperate struggles in which were engaged such men as Alonzo de Ojeda, Hawkins, Drake, De Ruyter, De Grasse, and a dozen others immortalized in many a glowing page of history. The material at the command of the writer is overwhelming in its quantity and unsurpassed in its quality. It is wanting in no single element of sensation or suggestiveness. It is a con-

tinuous procession of realities outrivalling the wildest conceptions of a novelist's fancy. Buccaneers, maroons, pirates, privateers, gallant outlaws, glorious patriots, unprincipled rovers, are the people who move across the stage with which Mr. Rodway is concerned. For a period of three centuries the Spanish Main and the West Indies present a record which for wanton recklessness and conscienceless courage it would probably be impossible to match. Lust of lucre and lust of empire were the *motif*; but it would be a mistake to look at the story from that standpoint only. It compasses much more than the triumph of buccaneer over corsair or of nation over nation; it takes us back to the beginnings of the mighty fabric of empire which to-day owes allegiance to Queen Victoria, and further it shows the very cradle of the sea power to which that empire is due. It need hardly be said that, on the whole, such material could not be in better hands than Mr. Rodway's. His life has been largely spent in British Guiana, and he has ever been a student of Spanish, Dutch, French, and British maritime, commercial, and colonial enterprise in the Antilles. Hence we look to this latest addition to "The Story of the Nations Series" for a work which the reader will not willingly put aside until he has mastered it from cover to cover, and if there are a few slight criticisms which might be made on points which will not escape the author should a second edition be called for, the fact must be attributed to the apparent haste with which the volume has been written, and the limits within which it was necessary to confine it. At a time when the Venezuelan question is still unsettled, and when Spain is engaged in a life-and-death struggle to retain Cuba, the volume is certain to command a wide circle of readers.

Mr. Rodway opens his book with a delightful account of the people whose primitive world the enterprise of Columbus brought within the purview of European greed and rivalry. The Spaniard found the Greater Antilles inhabited by the Arawaks, and the Lesser by the Caribs. These interesting folk, to the best of his base ability, the invader proceeded to exterminate, and with the depopulation of the places which Spain reduced from a paradise to a purgatory came the slave-trade and its attendant horrors. African negroes had to be imported to do the work which the Spaniard found it impossible to exact from the indigenous Indian. The Spaniards in Hispaniola displayed an appalling inhumanity. Mr. Rodway's narrative of the wanton massacres of a people whose self-respect was their chief crime is only credible because its authenticity seems undoubted. Perhaps the Spaniards were so cruel to others because they were so indifferent to their own sufferings in the quest for gold. From the hour when Columbus returned with stories of fabulous wealth to be had for the mere gathering, the Spaniard was a victim to the belief that El Dorado was a reality. The adventures he went through, the hardships he endured, the persistence he showed, the indomitable determination he displayed, were only equalled by the disappointments and the despair which succeeded. And such reward as came to him he was not permitted to enjoy unmolested. Buccaneers and corsairs were not long in discovering the value of the cargo which the galleons carried across the seas, and Englishmen and Frenchmen alike proceeded to "sing the Spaniard's beard." The stories of boundless wealth fired Raleigh's imagination, and he combined an expedition to discover El Dorado, in Guiana, with the founding of the first English colony in Virginia. He did not see why Englishmen should not seek out for themselves golden countries, as the Spaniards did, and he at least emulated the Spaniards in the pluck with which he pursued the will-o'-the-wisp wealth that was never any nearer, however far he travelled. Raleigh succeeded in reaching the mouth of the Caroni and obtaining specimens of gold ore. It has, Mr. Rodway points out, "been left to the present century to prove that gold-mines exist on the site of the fabled El Dorado; for it is there that the well-known Caratal diggings are situated." It is impossible here, even in outline, to follow Mr. Rodway's story of the chequered fortunes of the Antilles. The islands became the battlefields and shuttlecocks of the four races which embarked on the world-struggle for empire; now it was France and

England against Holland, now Holland and England against Spain, now England against the whole three. As the fortunes of war favoured one Power or another, so the islands of the West Indies changed masters. Spain set up a claim to the whole of the New World under a Papal Bull of 1494; but the other Powers, not unnaturally, refused to recognize this Papal partitioning of the earth, and we believe it is not as generally known as it should be by those who follow these questions that in 1658, as Mr. Rodway mentions, the then Pope acknowledged that the exclusive right of Spain to America was untenable.

Nothing in this volume is of more striking interest than the pages devoted to the planters and the slavery question. It is not necessary to throw any vestige of doubt upon the entire justice and propriety of the abolition of slavery in the West Indies to feel that Mr. Rodway makes out a very strong case in favour of the view that slavery had its bright side as well as its black, and that emancipation was not an unmitigated blessing. The world at large does not always distinguish between the slave-trade and slavery. The traffic in human creatures—who were originally put up for sale, like cattle, as "Prime Gold Coast Negroes"—was accompanied by every conceivable horror, and its suppression in 1807 came not a day too soon. The step was the first blow at the prosperity of the planter, and, combined with the fall in the price of sugar, brought him to the verge of the precipice over which he toppled when slavery itself was subsequently abolished. The negroes obtained their freedom, and incurred with it responsibilities which they were wholly unfitted to discharge and wholly unready to face. The negro has played a very varied part in the drama of the West Indies. In no direction have the developments which especially concern him been so remarkable as in Hayti. The French revolutionist sought to confer rights on the blacks, a century ago, identical with those conferred on the people at home. Robespierre and his friends were prepared to see the colonies perish rather than sacrifice one of their principles, and the National Convention favoured the plea that black man and white should be on a footing of equality. But the projects of the Revolutionists were nipped in the bud by Napoleon, who regarded the Haytian Constitution, proposed by a revolted slave, as an outrage on the honour of France. Toussaint L'Ouverture, the slave in question, added fuel to the Napoleonic flame by proclaiming the independence of Hayti. By a course of double dealing the French managed to get Toussaint in their power, but neither duplicity nor force of arms could reduce the negroes to submission. Dessalines became their leader, and he fired the negro hatred of all things French by recitals of the wrongs inflicted on them. Never again, he said, should European set foot on Hayti soil in the capacity of master or proprietor. Dessalines was not long in taking advantage of the hold he acquired. He was crowned Jacques the First, Emperor of Hayti, in 1804, but enjoyed the dignity for a very short time. He was murdered on 17 October, 1806, and a republic was proclaimed by General Pétion at the head of the mulattoes. Comic opera succeeded. The island was divided in two, one half being placed under a negro, who styled himself Emperor Henry the First. Henry loved to talk of "my brother, the King of Great Britain." Later the whole island was again made one Republic, and it has since remained one; but the result of this negro experiment has only gone to prove that the blacks are not capable of self-government, if progress is the criterion of success.

PROFESSOR KNIGHT'S WORDSWORTH.

"The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth."
Edited by William Knight. Vols. I., II., III.
London: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

THESE three comely volumes are the first instalment of what promises to be a final edition of one of the greatest and certainly of one of the most voluminous of modern poets. It is to be completed in eight volumes. The prose works in two volumes, the Journals in two volumes, and the Correspondence in

three are to follow, and the edition is to be crowned with a new Life of the poet. The editor of these volumes is well known to us in our professional capacity as reviewers, and, recollecting as we do his Life of Wordsworth "in three volumes 8vo. 1889," it was not without alarm that we saw his name on the title-page of this edition. As that dreary compilation rose to our memory, with its lack of proportion, its ill-selected, ill-arranged material, its ponderous prolixity and insufferable dulness, our first impression when we learned that Wordsworth was again in Professor Knight's hands was one of profound commiseration. We are happy to say that our fears have been dispelled. In the first place, purchasers of this edition will not have the Life to which we refer inflicted on them; the new biography will be much shorter and will not exceed a single volume. Brevity is, it is true, no guarantee for the absence of dulness, but it is a step in the right direction. We learn also with much pleasure that the present edition is not to be a reproduction of the Professor's previous edition of this poet, issued by Mr. Paterson between 1882 and 1886, but that what it includes of the material embodied in that edition has been revised, corrected, and readjusted, that many of the old notes have been recast, many new notes added, and, what is of more importance, that numerous errata, particularly with regard to the chronological sequence of the poems, have been rectified.

Wordsworth, as it is well known, attached the greatest importance to the arrangement of his poems. He wished his poetry to be regarded not as a series of independent pieces, but as a sort of organic whole. The centre of it was to be a gigantic philosophical poem, entitled the "Recluse." Of this only the second part, represented by the "Excursion," was completed: preliminary to this was the "Prelude," which was to be regarded as having the same relation to the "Recluse" "as the ante-chapel has to the body of a Gothic church." The minor pieces would, he said, if properly arranged, be found to have "such connexion with the main work as may give them claim to be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses ordinarily included in those edifices." For this purpose he adopted in the arrangement of his poems a very elaborate principle of classification—thus we have poems referring to childhood and youth, poems founded on the affections, poems of the fancy, of the imagination, of sentiment and reflection, and poems referring to the period of old age, and, lastly, epitaphs and elegiac pieces. How far an editor is justified in ignoring this arrangement when the poet's directions were so explicit is certainly open to question. And yet we think Professor Knight has acted wisely in doing so. In the first place, Wordsworth's classification is often purely fanciful, and not unfrequently quite untenable. In the second place, ninety-nine readers out of a hundred, and among them those who are most sensible of the power and charm of his poetry, care as little about its relation to a system as lovers of the beauties of nature trouble about molecules and evolution. We are glad, therefore, that Professor Knight has decided to print the poems simply in their chronological order: it is at once juster to the poet and far more interesting both to the student and to the general reader.

In addition to an immense amount of illustrative matter, including the whole of Wordsworth's own notes and the notes dictated to Miss Fenwick, Professor Knight has carefully collated all the texts of the various original editions of the poems, the variants being given under the text at the bottom of each page. The reader is thus able to see at a glance every alteration made by the poet. In the case of Wordsworth this is of great importance, as he was always tinkering and correcting, sometimes for the better, but often very much for the worse. As he advanced in years and the prosaic element gained upon him, he simply ruined some of his best lines. We are well aware that the text of a poet as finally settled by himself should be regarded as sacred, yet we exhort Professor Knight when he comes to the "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle" to save Wordsworth in his own despite, by restoring to the text the original couplet:

"Alas! the fervent harper did not know
That for a tranquil soul the lay was framed."

and by relegating to the variants the text as it now stands:

"Alas! the impassioned minstrel did not know

How by Heaven's grace this Clifford's heart was framed."

There is nothing that we can at present call to mind quite so bad as this in Wordsworth's meddlings with his own verses, but there are scores of such corrections which are only one degree less deplorable. It is for this reason that the insertion of the variants is, in the case of Wordsworth's text, of particular importance.

We have only one fault to find with Professor Knight's notes, which are as a rule excellent, being terse, lucid, and to the point, and that is the constant introduction of parallel passages which have no other interest than that of being mere coincidences. Thus in the "Ode to Duty" three or four such illustrations are dragged in which have scarcely any resemblance to what is supposed to correspond to them in the text, whereas, by the way, the really remarkable analogy between Wordsworth's poem and the "Orphic Hymn to Law" is not noticed. We understand Professor Knight to say in his preface that he has some intention of getting a volume of parallel passages compiled as a sort of supplement to his work. We implore him to spare us such an abomination. Illustrations of this kind are of interest and importance only when, as in the case of Virgil or Tennyson, they throw light on a poet's art and methods. We would also submit to Professor Knight that it would be as well to refrain from inserting notes which, for ninety-nine readers out of a hundred, would themselves require annotation. Much as we appreciate his wish to be succinct, a note on "wandering voice" in the "Cuckoo" which assumes this shape, "*Vox et præterea nihil*. See Lipsius 'of the Nightingale'; Barron Field.—Ed.," cannot, we think, be of use to any one.

TRAVEL AND SPORT.

"Cruising among the Caribbees." By Charles Augustus Stoddard. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1896.

THE new system of co-operative steam-yachting, with commodious vessels of ample tonnage, is exceptionally well suited to a cruise among the Caribbees. The chief objections in most cases are that you are tied down to a fixed programme, and that the stoppages are too short for a satisfactory inspection of the country surrounding the ports. But in the beautiful islands of the minor Antilles, the tour is geographically and inevitably marked out, and where decent accommodation is conspicuous by its absence, it is well to have a luxurious floating hotel. Mr. Stoddard is an American, but his book has a special interest for Englishmen, now that we have a Colonial Secretary who has proclaimed his intention of developing the neglected properties which we possess in all quarters of the globe. He has much, for example, to say about Dominica, which was the subject of warm discussion not long ago in the House. Our West Indian colonies were a source of immense wealth during the American war early in the century. The wharves were encumbered with sugar-hogsheads and rum-puncheons; nights and days were made hideous alike by the creaking of the wheels of innumerable bullock-carts—the resident planters exercised magnificent hospitality, and even the agents or attorneys of the absentees amassed handsome fortunes. Emancipation and the fall in the price of sugar were the ruin of these prosperous dependencies, for the price of the sugar-cane was the essence of their life. Naturally the embarrassed planters were slow to abandon the cultivation of the staple for which climate and soil were eminently adapted. Now the actual circumstances have been irresistibly brought home to them, since the bounty-fostered beet sugar has been underselling them in the markets. Mr. Stoddard, who looked carefully into the matter, gives a deplorable picture of the old staple industry. A few men of energy and capital prolonged the discouraging struggle by introducing the latest improvements in machinery and seeking out the most intelligent managers. In the last few years the most fortunate of those proprietors have barely paid their way, and each successive season the balance-sheets

have been less satisfactory. As to the poorer and less enterprising owners, who still trust to wind and water mills and other primitive appliances, they are dropping altogether out of the running. Buildings are everywhere falling into decay, and the cane-patches are relapsing into swamp or jungle. Mr. Stoddard notes one sadly significant fact—that the island which held out the longest against adversity and change is now in the most lamentable condition of all. In flat and densely populated Barbadoes the emancipated slaves, luxuriating in unaccustomed idleness, find no room to squat. They were constrained either to work or starve. But now, with the abandoning of plantations, the redundant population of willing workers is reduced to pauperism. So much so that the local Government is considering schemes for exporting labour to be employed elsewhere. Another remarkable fact to which Mr. Stoddard directs attention is that the French islands are far more thriving than the English. No doubt, in soil, climate, and water-supply Martinique and Guadalupe are specially favoured. But there are no beggars to be seen; whereas in the English possessions the stranger is beset and pestered as he might be in Cairo or Seville. Mr. Stoddard suggests two satisfactory reasons for that. In the first place, the French creoles have shown themselves more versatile: when they grubbed the sugar-cane, they planted coffee-bushes, and they cultivated fruits for export, like the Americans and Spaniards who have settled in the highlands of Jamaica. The second reason is more startling and exceptional. For the most part, the fault of French colonizing is that the colonists conduct themselves like strangers and pilgrims, who mean to hurry home to French theatres and cafés as soon as they have attained to a modest competency. And that has been the feeling of the English in the West Indies. But the white settlers in Guadalupe and Martinique regard those islands as their native country, and consequently have devoted assiduous attention to the methods of administration and cultivation. We alluded to Mr. Stoddard's remarks on Dominica, so named because Columbus sighted it on a Sunday. He depicts it as approaching to the terrestrial Paradise, so that sentimentally we can only approve giving it a lift. But, indeed, on grounds of strict justice, it has a strong claim on the British Exchequer, which absorbed more than a quarter of a million sterling, derived from the sale of its public lands. Mr. Stoddard, who is as much of an enthusiast in natural beauties as Charles Kingsley, rises to raptures over the scenery. "The more we explored, the greater the wonder and the rarer the treasures were. Language utterly fails to describe the richness, variety, and beauty of trees and shrubs and flowers and green and colours in nature which ravished our eyes. Odours, delicious and sensuous, filled the air, and the place seemed in all respects a woodland Eden." But among the sheltering mountains are rich valleys and fertile plains, and the island is blessed with an assured rainfall which adds greatly to its fertility. Besides sugar, rum, and molasses, it exports cattle, cocoa, and the lime-juice which is now in universal demand as an antidote to scurvy. So the inhabitants have so far emerged from their despondency as to deserve the help which is due to those who are helping themselves. We shall only add that Mr. Stoddard speaks more favourably of the blacks than most recent travellers. He not only found them cheery and good-humoured, but is inclined to pronounce them industrious and thrifty. If that be really the case, they must have changed greatly for the better; and, as numerically their preponderance is overwhelming, it is an encouraging omen for the future of colonies which naturally possess inexhaustible resources. The voluptuary of small means might do worse than seek a home and remunerative occupation in those beautiful islands of the blessed.

"Sport in India and Somali-land; or, Hints to Young Shikaries." By Surgeon-Captain J. G. Edye. London and Aldershot: Gale & Polden. 1896.

Dr. Edye's little volume is one of the most practical handbooks for Oriental sportsmen that we have met with, and it is so small that it will make no sensible addition to the outfit which, as he very strenuously recommends, should be kept down to the strictly

needful. He enters briefly, but pointedly, into the most minute details, even to the scissors which should be carried for hair-cutting in Somali-land. Nor does he shrink from giving advertisement by name to the tradespeople he can conscientiously recommend. Assuming the sportsman to be taking furlough in India, he records his experience as to what can be most advantageously procured in London, Bombay, Aden, or Berbera. He indicates the Indian railway stations which are the best starting points; the lines of steamers, with approximately the fares and freights; the hire of bullock carts or camels, the prices of ponies or baggage animals, the pay of coolies, shikaries, or the African tribesmen. Of course the principal attention is given to the tents, guns and ammunition. He has killed most kinds of big game, from elephants and bison downwards, and he mentions the guns and bullets he has found most serviceable, assigning satisfactory reasons for his predilections. For a single weapon he says there is nothing like a 12-bore Paradox. As a medical man he gives useful hints which make each sportsman his own surgeon or doctor; and he not only packs the travelling medicine box with indispensables, but prescribes the doses and the times of taking them. In short, there is nothing serviceable which is not to be found in this valuable little *vademecum*, nor does he omit advice as to the best seasons for shooting in Somali-land, in the Indian hills, or in the malarious jungles. He concludes with sundry chapters of personal sporting adventure, with reminiscences of close shaves with tigers in the Terai and lions in the sandy scrub of the Somali country. He has felt it necessary in the preface to vouch for the truth of these stories, some of which he confesses to be "tall"; although really we should not have credited Dr. Edye with drawing a longer bow than the majority of sporting writers, who are always indulged with a certain imaginative license.

AMERICAN DOGGEREL.

"Armenian Poems rendered into English Verse." By Alice Stone Blackwell. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1896.

THE Americans, like Mrs. John Gilpin, do not forget profit when they pursue pleasure. Alice Stone Blackwell's pleasure is to make her flesh creep with Armenian atrocities; but her practical mind detects at the same time an excellent opportunity of turning an honest penny by the production of Armenian poetry. She says as much in her preface, and then goes on to tell, with delicious ingenuousness, the process of her travail. In the first place, her "knowledge of the Armenian language does not extend much beyond the alphabet." This makes it seem a bit ambitious to begin translating poetry at so early a stage in her studies. But she proceeds to favour us with a list of cacophonous names belonging to people who afforded her prose versions. She adds that they were hampered by an imperfect knowledge of English, and, in the case of the classical Armenian poems, by an imperfect knowledge of classical Armenian. When we add that she is herself hampered by an imperfect knowledge of versification, it may readily be surmised what a pretty dish she has contrived to set before the public.

Most of the poems are incoherent; nearly all are inept and unmusical. Their confusion of imagery would have bewildered Mr. Weller and put Mrs. Malaprop to shame. Perhaps in the original they may have possessed a plaintive pathos; but in their present undress they are merely querulous and vapid. All through there is a ring of insincerity, as if a Poet Laureate were celebrating the advent of more Royal grandchildren:—

"Were I offered proud Europe, to take or refuse,"
an Armenian Archbishop exclaims,
"Thee alone, with thy griefs on thy head, would I choose

For my country, Armenia!

Might I choose from the world where my dwelling should be,

I would say, Still thy ruins are Eden to me,

My beloved Armenia!"

But a brutal biography informs us that he lived at Venice and died at Constantinople.

The poems militant are still more transparently insincere, which is not to be wondered at, as the Armenians, whatever their other virtues, are not a fighting people: they shine in the counting-house and conventicle rather than in the camp. This is the kind of thing:—

"Were I a rich man, in whose coffers deep

The gold and silver to great heaps had grown,

Not bright champagne, nor Russia's crystal cross,
But stores of balls and powder would I buy;
Against Armenia's foemen I would go
With a great host, freely and fearlessly."

But as it was, the author preferred to go to Moscow and found a literary club.

This, however, is more natural, if less chivalrous:—

"You ought to draw the sword!" they say.

To powder and to shot could we give heed,

While we sought bread our starving ones to feed?"

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Winkle.

And there is a smack of the school feast or street-singer about this poem, which winds up with:—

"Ungrateful Europe, heed our woes, we pray;

Remember poor Armenia to-day!"

As for the sentimental ditties, they are mostly cackling catalogues of conflicting aspirations. One poet hopes that, rather than forget Armenia, he may be transformed into a "cypress dark" to give her shade; into fire to bring her back once more—a strange occupation for fire, surely; into blood, to make her darkness red; into a sword, to make her pierce men's hearts; and into the voice of his lyre, to sigh over her.

"Armenia's mountains dark may smile,"

he exclaims in this poem,

"Siberia's ice may smoke"

—how or what is not explained—

"But stern, unbending spirits still

Press on my neck the yoke."

Another bard furnishes us with another catalogue. In a poem addressed to his sister (of all people), he says he would fain be a bright cloud, a zephyr, crystal dew, a nightingale, a "broad-armed tree," such "a refuge sure as 'neath the thatch the swallow builds secure," and finally a humble roof. Altogether a fine hotch-potch!

After the sister's romance we have the brother's, and we are actually asked four times in cold blood,

"What sound, beneath the stars aflame

So lovely as a brother's name?"

We can think of any number of answers to this riddle.

Perhaps the funniest productions in the whole collection are a "Cradle Song" and an Ode to Liberty. In the former the nightingale is invited to "Come and sing my son to sleep," and then bidden go away again because "My darling does not wish to be a priest"; a jackdaw is bidden "Come and soothe my wailing boy"—rather a new rôle for a jackdaw—and then dismissed, "For my darling will not choose the merchant's trade." After a dove has been treated with similar discourtesies, we have the finale:—

"Leave thy chase, brave-hearted falcon!

Haply he thy song would hear."

And the boy lay hushed, and slumbered,

With the war-notes in his ear."

This is intended to show what a fine, martial boy he was, but in point of fact it conveys precisely the contrary impression. The Ode to Liberty tells of a precocious person who "Ere power of speech was given him," stretched his "Feeble arms forth to embrace thee, Liberty!" "Wrapped round with many swaddling bands," he woke up his mother to crave, not milk, but Liberty. When he began to speak, he tells us,

"Papa, Mamma," as children use,

Were not the names first said by me;

The first word on my childish lips

Was thy great name, O Liberty!"

And eventually his monomania found appropriate expression "upon the gallows-tree."

Another humorous touch is provided by two people sitting in silence, burning "like two flames," "without a sound," and drinking "dark-hued milk" "like sad black moths that haunt the cypresses."

The Armenian names are rather a puzzle to the translator, even with her friends' help. She manages to

introduce "Coghtn" into a verse, but fails to find a rhyme for it; and in one passage she is reduced to the parenthetic apology, "Here follows a long list of Armenian Kings."

OLD BELFAST.

"Old Belfast." By Robert M. Young. Belfast: Marcus Ward. 1896.

THIS handsome volume is fully described on the title-page as a compilation from the manuscript collections of the late William Pinkerton. That eminent antiquary contemplated writing a history of the city, and his papers have been carefully edited by Mr. Young, who has already published "The Town Book," reviewed in our columns in 1892 (9 July). It is pleasant to observe the citizens of such a comparatively new place as Belfast thus diligent in perpetuating its records. Besides Mr. Young's compilations there are at least two regular histories, and as long as Ulstermen continue to follow in the footsteps of those who have made their chief town so great there is no fear of its being forgotten. The present volume, which is well and profusely illustrated, contains a great number of papers of different kinds of interest. One of the most entertaining to dip into is a series of letters written between 1776 and 1784 by Mrs. M. M'Tier from Belfast to her brother Dr. Drennan. In one she complains of the dearth of house accommodation. From all parts people are flocking to Belfast, where "we nor indeed any one can now live on a small fortune but in an obscure and, what is worse, a vulgar manner; for a small, genteel house in a tolerable situation is not to be got at any moderate rent." She goes on to complain of "rich upstarts, who, skipping from the counter to their carriage," run one down with the force of their wealth. She appears, nevertheless, to have enjoyed what gaiety was to be had, and her letters are full of notices of "most elegant balls," assemblies, coteries and dinners. In addition there was a theatre, and Mrs. M'Tier's account of Mrs. Siddons is too interesting to be overlooked: she worked wonders; as Belvedera the effects of her acting did "credit to the feelings of the audience." One lady went into convulsions, and another had to leave the house. "Major Leslie cried and damned the play." And again, "last night she is supposed to have reached the height of human powers." The following note is delightful:—"Sam cried for half an hour after he went to bed, and many others who withstood it in the house gave up to tears after they went home." Mrs. M'Tier herself seems to have been less affected or more critical. She especially notices the by-play: "a bend, a look, in all those little decencies and graces which are so charming in life that they are to be prized above virtue . . . in all these she is perfect." In Garrick only had Mrs. M'Tier seen anything like them, "but in a fine woman they have a finer effect." Mrs. Siddons is further described as "reserved, elegant and sensible" in private company. "She sings charmingly."

Another interesting passage relates to much the same time. This is a memoir of Mrs. M'Cracken, who was born in 1770. It comprises an account of the origin and growth of the commercial prosperity of the town. On one page we have a view of a pretty shop-front, one of a kind which has long perished out of Belfast, though in London a few examples survive. In those days the head of the Corporation was called the Sovereign. The Sovereign and the burgesses elected the M.P. It is interesting to note that the first post between Ireland and Scotland was established in 1648 to facilitate the transmission of news as to the Irish rebellion, and there was a weekly conveyance of letters. In 1652 an estimate for the campaign of the following summer includes a thousand Bibles, a hundred barrels of powder, five tons of bullets, six hundred sacks, and two hundred kettles. At this time the counties of Tyrone, Monaghan, Fermanagh, and Armagh are described as lying wholly waste. It was in these counties, together with Down and Antrim, that the great settlements of Scots and Yorkshire families were made, which have brought such prosperity to Ulster. The earliest notice Mr. Young has found of Irish linen

is in Froissart. "Henry Castide, an Italian traveller, told him,—'I caused breeches of linen cloth to be made for the four kings of Ireland, when I was there.'" It was one of the articles of impeachment against Strafford that he monopolized all the flax, and prescribed rules as to weaving that the natives could not practise. Liverpool was the principal market for linen yarn, of which as early as 1641 great quantities were exported. Machinery was introduced a hundred years later, and from that time the great staple of Belfast has gone on by leaps and bounds.

To Sir Arthur Chichester, "Baron of Belfast," may be attributed the founding of the town, and we have an engraving showing him presenting to the Sovereign and the burgesses their first charter of incorporation. Down almost to our own day, the Chichesters, earls and marquesses of Donegal, were identified with Belfast. Their influence was sometimes rather tyrannical, and we read that one of the duties of the Sovereign was to hand Lady Donegal to her seat in church. One of these Sovereigns, having accomplished his duty, left the church to go to the Presbyterian meeting-house. Lady Donegal thereupon gave orders that henceforth none but churchmen should be admitted burgesses.

FICTION.

"Marsena." By Harold Frederic. London: Fisher Unwin. 1896.

"A Castaway of the Barrier." By David G. Falk. London: Fisher Unwin. 1896.

IN a paper cover and printed on yellow paper in a manner singularly suggestive of a tract, there comes to hand a distinctive and admirable short story by the author of "Illumination." Marsena is a country town photographer with flowing black hair, Byronic collars, and an occasional velvet jacket, across whose life tramples destructively the victorious Miss Julia Parmalee. His surname is Pulford. She flirts with him and tires of him and sends him off to the war, and the story ends grotesquely grim with Miss Parmalee of the Sanitary Commission, and very charming in mouse colour, almost sitting, inadvertently and quite unwittingly, on his dying body, while she fans the face of Colonel Starbuck of the Headquarters Staff, who is suffering from scalp wound. One has read so much admiration of the scintillating American young woman that this ironical appreciation comes with a pleasant flavour of acidity. Marsena's curious mingling of intense respectability and artistic aspiration, his morosely talkative partner Shull, and the dark-room interview, are presented in a manner charmingly light and true. There can be no denying, too, that the short story appears at its best in a little booklet by itself, as we have it here presented. We are fast approaching the days when every short story will stand alone, no longer packed in a collection like goods in a warehouse, or presented casually in the marine store of a magazine. That time will come the sooner the more such books as this are dispersed, so that the lover of short stories has a double inducement to get himself a copy of this pleasant little pocket companion.

"A Castaway of the Barrier" is another short story volume, of a rather more conventional type. The heroine has run wild in a remote corner of Queensland, within sight of the Great Barrier Reef, without books or feminine society, "untrained, undisciplined—a child of nature." For all that, her ideas about love and duty are just the ordinary *clichés* of a London suburb, and the extent of her knowledge of the world is essentially suburban. To her enter an escaped French convict of charming manners and corrupt views, and the story tells of the gradual unfolding of her miraculous conventionality.

"Heart of the World." By H. Rider Haggard. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1896.

Mr. Rider Haggard, discouraged no doubt by his essay in novel-writing, has returned again to his own familiar romance. It is just the old story over again: writing on a stone, hidden city; big, fat, beautiful, irresistible Englishman of the public-schoolboy type;

amorous native princess, love, marriage all right and proper, sunbeam shining into temple, jealous native, copper daggers, intrigue, tragedy, catastrophe, city destroyed, princess destroyed, fat Englishman and admiring Indian friend walk out by another door and come home through a series of secret passages, much impressed by all they have seen. The Englishman never gets hurt, never gets humiliated, the beautiful woman of the story inevitably falls in love with him, and so forth. It's tiresome reading for a reviewer, but there's not the shadow of a doubt that very little boys like to identify themselves with a successful "bouncer" of the type of the Rider Haggard hero. Whether it is good for them is another matter. It must take up a lot of their time reading the replicas of the romance over and over again, and it must fill their heads with very silly ideas about the invulnerability and other privileges of the Englishman abroad. And, apart from this pandering to the gross egotism and egotistical patriotism of the British small boy, the book is not nearly so effective in its own particular line as Mr. Raife's "Sheik's White Slave." At the game of impossible romance Mr. Haggard's imitators are beating their master. He must try again.

"The Brown Ambassador." By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

"Dishonoured." By Theo. Gift. London: George Bell & Sons. 1895.

"Margaret Grainger." By Annie S. Swan. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1896.

The Brown Ambassador is a little Dachshund with exceptionally crooked legs and lengthy pedigree. His adventures, and those of the family who owns him, make amusing serio-comic reading for children, to whom the book is presumably addressed; for it does not attempt to be a novel, or include more lovemaking than a distant hint at the marriage of a pretty governess. The children described in the story are refreshingly natural and lovable, as far as their conversation and their school-room games are concerned. The device by which one of them saves her little brother's life cannot have as much said for it; it is far-fetched and clumsy in the extreme. The author has a keen sense of humour, which should "tell" in a work of a more advanced description than this one.

"Dishonoured" is far brighter than its title. The heroine is a very fascinating young woman, who gains the reader's sympathy with her in her troubles, self-made to some extent though they may be, after the manner of heroines' troubles in general. The plot is amusing, if a little incredible. The probability of the nicest girl finding her lover working as a quarryman in some remote town where she tries working as a shop-girl is a little doubtful. True, he was prosecuting researches in geology, and not breaking stones for his daily bread; nor was he her lover until they met in the remote town. But she was also taken for what she was not, and blue blood ran in the hand which "did up" the weekly accounts of Mr. Scratchett, draper. Altogether, there is too great a wealth of coincidence for comfort; it reaches its climax when the amateur quarryman turns out to be the heroine's first cousin. The humours of the country town are laughably drawn, possibly by one who has experienced the breadth of view and hatred of uncharitableness prevalent in these favoured spots.

"Margaret Grainger" purports to be a sketch of a schoolmistress's life, or rather of the lives and destinies of some few of her pupils. Virtue is invariably rewarded in a pathetically appropriate manner, and the naughty girls run away with their grooms, and wish they hadn't. It is not unreadable, and should be found improving, if nothing else, by the rapidly fading race once known as Young Persons.

"Joan and Mrs. Carr." By "Rita." London: F. V. White & Co. 1896.

"The Dancer in Yellow." By W. E. Norris. London: William Heinemann. 1896.

"The King of Alberia." By Laura Daintrey. London: Methuen & Co. 1895.

"Rita" has written a good story this time, without too many fine sentiments and fervid periods. Joan is a capital girl and richly deserves her Captain. Mrs. Carr

is the most lovable of *mondaines*, and we do not grudge her the five thousand a year that falls in so opportunely and shows her the beauty of virtue so clearly that she walks in its path for evermore. The brilliant Irishwoman of forty has been treated before, by the same author, in her novel, "Peg the Rake." She is a change, however, from both the *ingénue* and the intriguing matron of fiction, and as such probably will be welcome to the jaded reader.

"The Dancer in Yellow" has for hero one of Mr. W. E. Norris's gentlemanly and right-feeling young fellows, and for heroine a pathetically drawn *danseuse* of reckless language and noble heart. Mrs. Trafford, the stately foil to poor Daisy, though she wins the hero's heart, does not win ours. Except in her magnanimous championship of the despised Daisy, she appears to us all that is hard and unattractive in woman. We suspect Mr. Norris, also, of a bias in favour of his dancer, miserable and broken-down as he pitilessly represents her in the third volume, and great as are the thanksgivings of his other characters when she dies and makes room for her betters. It is hardly necessary to say that the book is written with great ease, and can be read with no effort at all—a palpable benefit to many.

"The King of Alberia" has marks of originality about it. The author is permeated with mysticism, which, working on an evidently strong imagination, produces some curiously vivid writing. Her descriptions, even of landscape, are less tedious than startling. We instance the crashing of the great boulder on the night of the storm (p. 41). Some of the effects are dramatic to a degree. Altogether "The King of Alberia" is an interesting and impressive little book, written on the lines of a fairy-tale.

"Friend or Rival." By Elizabeth Neal. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1896.

"The Robe of Lucifer." By F. M. White. London: A. D. Innes & Co. 1896.

"Friend or Rival" has a capricious young heroine with firm intent to be charming, and partial success. Being devotedly attached to a lover of the "manly, simple, British" type, she apostrophizes him constantly as an "owl," and devotes her energies to captivating the villain of the piece, a picturesque and Polish person whose dark eyes are described as "dominant and compelling." Whether by the power of the eye or other means, this interesting rival induces the manly Briton to go to Siberia in search of a mislaid parent, and gets a promise of marriage from the heroine during his absence. Of course the virtuous hero meets his death in Siberia; he even goes so far as to remain dead for some months, during which his lady-love discovers that "she always cared" for him. On his necessary return to life, the characters fall into their proper places, and end the inoffensive little tale in the usual manner.

"The Robe of Lucifer" is a decidedly clever collection of short stories, each dealing with a crime or fraud. It purports, however, to be a complete novel; and therein, to our thinking, lies the author's mistake. The connecting thread is too slight to form a coherent plot for the whole, and the result is likely to be a weakening of the effect of an otherwise amusing and ingenious little book.

A BATCH OF FRENCH BOOKS.

"UN BONHEUR" (by Jacques Vincent. Paris: Plon) indicates promise without realizing it. There are occasional touches which please, but the book as a whole bores, irritates, disgusts. None of the characters have the faintest semblance of life, least of all the case-hardened heroine, who, after having been picked up out of the mire of poverty by a rich, charming, and adoring husband, betrays him out of sheer boredom, peppered with vague curiosity. Her first lover is a cynical boulevardier duke, who effects his conquest by the novelty of impertinent indifference, and conducts the intrigue without any pretence at sentiment; her second is a young bumpkin viscount, who amuses her by the violence of his passion, and who kills himself when she throws him over with her habitual sangfroid. Then she fancies she is in love with a certain Bohemian; but when, after two years of correspondence and platonic intimacy, he proposes that she shall be divorced and marry him, she realizes that she can never really have

cared for him. Finally, it occurs to her that the most original thing she can do is to make it up with her husband, whom she has neglected all this while. She telegraphs her advent, and expects to find him beside himself with joy. But while she is debating how she shall most effectively make the announcement which is to restore his lost happiness, she learns that he has been consoling himself elsewhere all the time, and has no further place for her in his heart. Then this odious woman realizes that she is indeed alone in the world. And we are very glad to hear it; but that is the only "Bonheur" which ever shows itself in the course of the unfortunate book.

"Joug d'Amour" (by "Brada." Paris: Calmann Lévy) can at least boast of a healthy heroine, and one "as different as different can be" from the lady who disfigures "Un Bonheur." She was charming in every way, except that she limped and that, after a miscarriage, she "enjoyed bad health," as the immortal Mr. Leno would say. She loved her husband not very wisely, but perhaps too well; for he grew to find the *joug d'amour* rather a bore, especially when it came to interfere with a harmless flirtation. Oddly enough the two books bear a family likeness about their finales. The husband in "Joug d'Amour" learns that the object of his flirtation never cared for him, and he determines to go and tell his wife that he will give her no further cause for jealousy. He makes a great parade of this excellent intention, rings up his best friend in the middle of the night to tell him of it, and comes home at daybreak rejoicing in his own benevolence and in the joy he is bringing to his wife. But meanwhile she has been sitting up for him, almost maddened by jealousy and neuralgia, and she has killed herself, half accidentally, by taking chloroform—it is not quite clear for which complaint. There are some good touches in the book deserving mention. The lady who flirts has a flat on the *entresol*, her husband has another on the ground-floor, and they always say "good night" by telephone. Some one else is described as having "le sentiment d'avoir fait une bêtise et d'en être enchanté." How well one knows that sensation!

"Le Tournoi de Vauplassans" (by Maurice Maindron. Paris: Plon) has unusual qualities. It carries us back to the days of the Huguenots with so much art that the personages really live to us, the narrative seems by a contemporary of theirs and ours, and we become interested almost to breathlessness. The style has an archaism and a rotundity which fit the scene and story with glove-like fidelity. And the hero is a magnificent, insolent, vainglorious rascal, in whose acquaintance we take pride even when he comes near to shabby behaviour. The account of his interview with Coligny is admirable in a way, and the details of Madeleine, the heroine's carrying off out of her own bed at dead of night are almost a masterpiece. Highest praise of all, the book reads as if every word of it were *vécu*. And yet, and yet, *corbleu!* as a work of art, as a story even, it has lamentable shortcomings. The plot meanders, unnecessary incidents multiply, the gift of selection seems entirely absent. The which is all true to nature, no doubt, but surely untrue to art. The tourney, which stands sponsor to the book, is itself a mere incident at the beginning; and as for the ending, it is exasperating. The book takes long to read; but few will grudge a minute of the time which may be lavished upon it.

"Le Sang des Crépuscules" (by Charles Guérin. Paris: édition du "Mercure de France") is a collection of fatuous, meaningless poems. Some of them are dedicated to Mallarmé, whom the author has evidently strained to imitate, but only resembles in incoherence. There is a prodigious parade of imagery, but it never rises above mediocrity and rarely even approaches plausible portraiture. The following is a favourable excerpt:—

"... ma jeunesse s'empoussié aux vains grimoires,
Tant qu'elle sèche et peu à peu se désagrège,
Et l'automne, duègne ridée et sacrilège,
Vert-de-grise l'étang de mon âme et ses moires."

Simplicity is the keynote of good French poetry, and M. Guérin is least bad when he casts off his affectations. The following, for instance, has crude possibilities in it:—

"Ah! s'en aller, comme un chagrin s'égoutte,
Vers l'asile qu'on ne sait pas,
En pleurant tout le long de la route,
Simplement parce qu'on est las.
Ah! s'en aller, et que nulle n'écoute
S'effacer le sanglot des pas,
Loin du mal et du rire et du doute,
Et des fleurs lourdes dans les bras."

As a preface or introduction there is a piece of music which is even more insignificant and unmusical than the poems. M. Guérin appears to be our French William Watson, in stupidity and nullity, if not in vogue.

As for "Lettres de la Duchesse de Broglie, 1814-1838" (publiées par son fils, le Duc de Broglie, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Lévy) the preliminary wonder is that they should ever have been written. That they should have found their way into print is a blunder second only to matricide. We are reminded of the judge who said, the other day, that he had heard it was bad taste to kick your mother in the stomach. If the letters ever had a bouquet of any sort, it must have passed off very long ago, for now they are of almost

incredible flatness and insipidity. Nearly every one begins with conventional excuses for shortcomings, infrequency of correspondence, and winds up with a drawing, half-hiccupping request for affection. "Adieu, ma chère Sophie, aime-moi un peu" is reiterated until we are driven to conclude that the writer must have been as unamiable as her correspondence. "Genève offre un spectacle bien touchant de bonheur et de vertu"—This is a fair sample of the observation and information to be found in the letters. And the oft-repeated ineptitude "Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra" may be cited as a specimen of the original thought. Their writer had the half-educated trick of lapsing unnecessarily into foreign tongues when her own would have served equally well. Some of these lapses are not even spelt correctly: "paoura," for instance. The only fact to be learned from the book is that Mme. de Staël—like many another genius—was unable to transmit her talents to the next generation, and the only wonder made evident is that it is possible to say so little in so many pages.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry." By William Carleton. Edited by D. J. O'Donoghue. 4 vols. Vols. I. and II. London: J. M. Dent & Co. 1896.

THIS is an excellent reprint of a work which can never be superseded, and is never likely to be forgotten. What Goya as a painter did for Spain, that has Carleton as a writer done for Ireland. Both lived at the very moment an old world was passing away, and both caught and fixed the features which would in a few years have vanished for ever. Ireland has had no lack of social historians. Banim, Miss Edgeworth, Caesar Otway, Gerald Griffin, Lever, Lover, and others have all given us vivid pictures, but Carleton has no rival. He is at once the prose Burns and the Walter Scott of Ireland. A new edition of his masterpiece was certainly needed, and cannot fail to be welcome to very many. Mr. O'Donoghue has done his work as an editor very competently; his Introduction is interesting and to the point; his notes explaining the Gaelic words and phrases might with advantage perhaps have been more numerous, but they will be found very useful. The illustrations, we may add, are excellent.

"Johnson's Lives of the Poets." A New Edition. With Notes and Introduction by Arthur Waugh. Vols. I. and II. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1896.

It speaks well for the popularity of Johnson that no fewer than three editions of the "Lives of the Poets," each annotated, each with an introduction, are, if we are not mistaken, now in course of publication. The edition before us, which will extend to six volumes, is well printed on good paper, is of comely appearance, of portable size, and is adorned with portraits. The notes are concise, to the point, and, so far as we have noticed, correct; but it seems an odd thing that the editor chosen for such a work as this should not know the meaning of the word "collate," as the phrase "to collate upon any given point in the original all parallel passages of interest and value" seems to imply. Of the Introduction we cannot speak very favourably. If the writer, who is, we should judge, a very young man, should ever arrive at the years of discretion, he will probably regret that he had not remembered what Johnson once said, "Whenever you find anything in your writing which you think particularly fine, strike it out."

"Picture Posters: a Short History of the Illustrated Placard, with many Reproductions, &c." By Charles Hiatt. London: G. Bell & Sons. 1895.

The cult of the poster has become a little absurd. We have no sympathy with those who want to improve advertisements out of the world; to imagine for a moment Gower Street Station, say, *in puris naturalibus*, suffices to make one grateful for anything with colour, however strident. Many of the familiar pictures which adorn Mr. Hiatt's book give a real pleasure to the eye, in their proper place. But that posters meant to "tell" at twenty yards and nothing less should be pored over in portfolios or hung on the walls of an ordinary room; and that designs and colours of a robustness calculated to survive all weathers and defy all kinds of atmosphere should be printed on special paper and collected in proof—this is to reduce the whole vogue to absurdity. However, every phase and kind of art or craft has its own "collectors," who do as much good as harm, and perhaps not much of either. Collected or not, posters are not to be ignored nor scoffed at; we hope before very long no tradesman will think of advertising his wares pictorially without resorting to an artist. Mr. Hiatt's book will be useful, later on, for its copious reproductions of the early masters; for here is a branch of art which is developing with such prodigious rapidity, that Chéret and Dudley Hardy may some day (who knows?) be looked back to as fascinating "primitives." The French, of course, have been most productive of ingenious, gay, alluring, and, in a word, successful posters. But few things here reproduced are more effective than Fred Walker's famous "Woman in White," though done so long ago; and some of the designs of the Brothers Beggarstaff strike us as almost the most decorative of all.

"The C Major of Life." By Havering Bowcher. London: Elkin Mathews. 1896.

THE more discerning readers of fiction are in the habit of using the epithet clever as a term of dispraise, and this is well enough so long as they do not proceed to talk of cleverness as if it were a general, an almost universal, fault. To do so is to show an ignorance, a laudable ignorance, of the subject. Anything but the flattest stupidity and the sloppiest thought is rare in fiction. The majority of novelists (we are thinking of the novels that are sent for review, not exclusively of those that are read and talked about by the public) are not only incapable of making their characters talk and act in a plausible and interesting manner, they are also incapable of being sensible on their own account. We may object to "The C Major of Life," and we may catalogue our objections by calling the book clever; but it is only fair to say that cleverness is not such a common thing after all. Mr. Bowcher treats his characters from a superior standpoint; he handles them too much, they are in leading strings; they do not act and speak as independent living creatures. When they open their mouths it is to reveal the general (and interesting) conceptions of their creator, not to say the things that are dramatically true at the moment. Mr. Bowcher, in fact, is apt to leap into the topmost place, to jump to conclusions, ignoring a certain step in his staircase, although it is on this step that all great fiction has been built. His people are not actual in their behaviour; they are not blind; they see the pathos, the inevitableness, the universal philosophy of the drama in which they ought to be acting, and they talk accordingly. Such philosophy should be left as a conclusion at which the reader arrives, and prides himself on arriving; the author should appear to be unaware of it, and his characters cease to be characters when they speak chiefly to make clear the author's conception of their relations to one another. But at such simpleness, such stupidity, the superior author revolts. What is there that he should care for in the plain drama of situations? Why should he believe and delight in the unexplained and effective dancing of his puppets when he can extract from them great thoughts and a world-pathos? What are his puppets that he should reverence them with a vulgar simplicity—puppets he could blow off the boards with a breath or squash with a single hand? Why should he trouble to do more with such things than just jerk the string a little and then sit and muse abstractions? Surely he, the master, can say something that will be more entertaining than the independent movements and babblings of his creatures; for is it possible that the sorrow of mere puppets can be of such deep interest as the philosophical sorrow of their creator? Or, since Mr. Bowcher does not talk much as the pan-pipe and drum man in front of his show, but rather in one voice through the mouths of his all but motionless figures, we, the spectators, may say that we do not care to see such clever people acting. If the clever actor explains the deep realities of the situation, we want his explanation to be solely, or chiefly, a revelation of his character; at all events, we do not want him to give the right explanation, the correct philosophy of the drama—for in that case what is there left for us to do? But, to return to our opening statement, what these people say is good; it is sensible, clever, and at times something more. And Mr. Bowcher has gone near to making a personality out of Mrs. Lester, the only stupid and commonplace character in his cast. The two people who between them say the best things with the least provocation, (Enone and Lelaine, hardly exist enough in the drama to justify the space they assume in the book.

NOTICE.—The price of back numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, except those of the current Volume, is ONE SHILLING each.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is published every Saturday morning, but a Foreign Edition is issued in time for the Indian and Colonial mails every Friday afternoon. Advertisements for this First Edition cannot be received later than Thursday night, but for the regular issue they can be taken up to 4 p.m. on Friday. ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND; or to the CITY OFFICE, 18 FINCH LANE, CORNHILL, E.C. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

PARIS.

The SATURDAY REVIEW may be had in Paris every Saturday from Messrs. BOYVEAU & CHEVILLET, 22 Rue de la Banque (near the Bourse), where also Subscriptions are received. Copies are likewise obtainable at Messrs. GALIGNANI'S, 224 Rue de Rivoli; at Le KIOSQUE DUPERRON, Boulevard des Capucines, and Le KIOSQUE MICHEL, Boulevard des Capucines.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DUNLOP Pneumatic Tyres for Carriages

Have become
universal for Cycles
they possess
equal advantages

ADVANTAGES.—The perfection of ease.—Absolutely noiseless.—Reduction in draught of one third.—Saving of all wear to the carriage.—Suitable to the roughest roads.—Give no trouble.—Appearance of wheel practically unaltered.—Can be fitted to existing wheels.
A large Exhibition of Carriages, built by the best Coachbuilders, and each fitted with these Tyres, can be seen at, also full particulars obtained on application from,

The Pneumatic Tyre Co., Ltd.,

14 Regent Street (Waterloo Place), S.W.

THE CAFÉ ROYAL, THE QUADRANT, REGENT STREET.

BEST CUISINE IN LONDON,
AND THE
BEST CELLAR IN THE WORLD.
£600,000 of Wines in Stock.

MANAGER—JAMES WULLSCHLEGER.

ROYAL HOTEL, CAPE TOWN.

"The Royal Hotel, Cape Town, is altogether the best hotel in South Africa."

The SATURDAY REVIEW.

Proprietor, J. CLARK.

REORGANIZATION of the NORFOLK and WESTERN RAILROAD SYSTEM.

To HOLDERS of the following BONDS and STOCKS:

NORFOLK and WESTERN RAILROAD COMPANY.

Adjustment Mortgage Bonds, 100-Year Mortgage Bonds, Maryland and Washington Division Bonds, Clinch Valley Division Bonds, Equipment Mortgage Bonds of 1883, Five per Cent. Debentures of 1892, Preferred Stock, Common Stock.

ROANOKE and SOUTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY.

First Mortgage Bonds, Stock.

LYNCHBURG and DURHAM RAILROAD COMPANY.

First Mortgage Bonds, Stock.

The holders of a large majority of all the above-mentioned Bonds have assented to the reorganization, and the plan has been declared operative. Further deposits of Bonds and Stocks and payment of the first instalment of \$4 per share on the deposited Stock will only be received in the discretion of the Committee, and on payment of a penalty of 2 per cent. on the par amount of the Bonds, and one-eighth of 1 per cent. on Stocks deposited. The second Instalment of \$3 per share payable by depositing Shareholders must be paid on or before 1st June, 1896.
New York, 14th May, 1896.

LOUIS FITZGERALD, Chairman.

J. Kennedy Tod.
George Coppell.
A. A. H. Boissevain.

Robert Fleming.
C. Silgo de Pothonier.
H. F. R. Hulbrecht.

The New York Executive Reorganization Committee.
W. E. GLYN, Secretary, 15 Wall Street, New York, U.S.A.

London Depositary (acting as agents for the Mercantile Trust Co. of New York), Messrs. Brown, Shipley, & Co., Founders' Court, Lothbury, London, E.C.

Any further information in connexion with the reorganization may be obtained on application to Mr. Howland Roberts, Secretary to the London Committee, care of Messrs. Brown, Shipley, & Co.

Application will be made as soon as possible for granting a quotation to the Mercantile Trust Company's Engraved Certificates on the London Stock Exchange.
London, 15 May, 1896.

CROWN REEF GOLD MINING COMPANY, Limited.

DIVIDEND No. 16.

DIVIDEND on SHARES to BEARER.—HOLDERS of SHARE WARRANTS to Bearer are informed that they will receive payment of the DIVIDEND No. 16 (10s. per Share) on PRESENTATION of COUPON No. 4, either at the London Office of the Company, 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C., or at the Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas, 3 Rue d'Antin, Paris.

Coupons must be left FOUR CLEAR DAYS for examination at either of the Offices mentioned above, and may be presented any day after MONDAY next, the 1st June, 1896, between the hours of Eleven and Two (Saturdays excepted). Listing Forms may be had on application.

By order,

A. MOIR, London Secretary.

120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.
28th May, 1896.

ROYAL BLIND PENSION SOCIETY

(With which is United the Blind Female Annuity Society).

Patron—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.**Vice-Patron**—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.**President**—THE DUKE OF GRAFTON, K.G.**Honorary Secretaries** { MESSRS. GEORGE POCKOCK AND
PERCY R. POCKOCK.

THIS Society grants Pensions to the Blind Poor at their own Homes in sums ranging from 10s. to 25s. per month. There are at present upwards of 700 Pensioners residing in various parts of the Kingdom, among whom about £5,000 is annually distributed in pensions, paid monthly, through the agency of 500 Honorary Almoners. Elections take place in May and November in each year. In addition to those elected by the votes of Subscribers, two are added at every election by rotation. Others are nominated from time to time to receive the "Thomas Pocock" and "James Templeton Wood" Memorial Pensions. An approved Candidate of 75 years of age or upwards can receive an immediate Pension upon payment of a donation of THIRTY GUINEAS. To be eligible, applicants must be totally blind, above 21 years of age, of good moral character, and in receipt of an income not exceeding £20 if single, and £30 if married. No distinction is made in regard to sex or creed, nor is the receipt of parish relief a disqualification. Applications must be made on the printed form provided by the Society. Subscribers of 10s. 6d. annually, or Donors of Five Guineas, are entitled to One Vote at every election, and the multiples thereof in proportion. The payment of a Legacy to the Society confers upon each Executor the privilege of one Life Vote for every £25 bequeathed. The yearly Report, containing the rules, accounts, and all information, will be forwarded on application. Contributions will be gratefully received by the Treasurer, or by the Bank of England, or Messrs. Barclay, Bevan & Co.

JOHN C. BUMSTED, Esq., *Treasurer*.W. ELLIOTT TERRY, *Secretary*.

235 Southwark Bridge Road, London.

NATIONAL ORPHAN HOME,

HAM COMMON, RICHMOND, SURREY.

OFFICE: 12 PALL MALL, S.W.

Patrons.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF TECK.

THE object of this Charity is to receive Orphan Girls from Seven to Twelve Years of Age, without distinction as to Religion, into a "Home" where they can obtain a plain English Education, a practical instruction in the Kitchen, House, and Laundry, to fit them for all Household Duties, and are taught to cut out, make, and mend their own clothes. Over 650 have thus been more or less provided for. There are now nearly 100 on the books. The Building affords ample room for 50 more, but for want of funds they cannot be received.

Children are admitted on election, by payment till elected, on purchase, on presentation, subject to the life of the donor.

A Cot for all time may be had for £450.

The Charity is in

URGENT NEED OF ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS.

Donations, Subscriptions, and Bequests are earnestly solicited, and will be gratefully received by Messrs. HERRIES & Co., Bankers, 16 St. James's Street, and by the SECRETARY, at the Offices, 12 Pall Mall, S.W., where all communications should be addressed.

WEMYSS, *Chairman*.E. EVANS CRONK, *Secretary*.**British Orphan Asylum,
SLOUGH.**

FOR the Maintenance and Education of Destitute Orphans from all parts of the British Empire, of all denominations, whose parents were once in prosperous circumstances. Orphans are admitted between the ages of 7 and 12, and are retained until 15.

The Committee earnestly appeal for increased support of an Institution which has been carrying on its work of usefulness nearly 70 years, and which is dependent on *Voluntary* aid.

Subscriptions and Donations most thankfully received. Annual Subscriptions:—For One Vote, 10s. 6d.; for Two Votes, £1 1s.; Life Subscription for One Vote, £5 5s.; for Two Votes, £10 10s.

Bankers—MESSRS. WILLIAMS, DEACON, AND MANCHESTER AND SALFORD BANK, Limited, 20 Birchin Lane, E.C.

Offices—62 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, LONDON, E.C.

CHARLES T. HOSKINS,
Secretary.

**THE
ROYAL WESTMINSTER OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL,**

19 King William Street, West Strand, W.C.

Founded in 1826, by the late G. J. GUTHRIE, Esq., F.R.S., for the Relief of Indigent Persons afflicted with Diseases of the Eye.

ENTIRELY SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS*Patrons.*

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

President—H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, K.G.**Chairman**—SIR CHARLES TURNER, K.C.I.E.

Treasurers { G. B. HUDSON, Esq., M.P.
H. LINDSAY ANTROBUS, Esq.

THIS HOSPITAL receives the Indigent poor on their own application, without Letters of Recommendation, and was the first to adopt this system of *true* Charity. Nearly 10,000 poor persons are relieved annually. It has afforded aid to upwards of 400,000 sufferers since its establishment.

There are 30 Beds available for In-Patients constantly occupied.

The undoubted fact that London is trending westward makes it every day more urgent that a large, perfectly constructed, and easily accessible Eye Hospital should be built to meet the imperative and constantly growing needs of the poor who come from all parts of the Metropolis and the United Kingdom.

The accommodation in the present building for both Out- and In-Patients is wholly inadequate to the daily increasing demand for relief. This will necessitate the rebuilding of the Hospital on a New Site, to provide which, and erect thereon an edifice replete with all the modern improvements rendered urgent by the rapid advance in Ophthalmic Science and Surgery, a sum of at least £50,000 will be required.

The Committee urgently appeal for New Annual Subscriptions for maintenance purposes, and they earnestly plead with the Benevolent to enable them to build the much-needed New Hospital.

Subscriptions and Donations should be sent to the Bankers, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Strand; Messrs. Drummond, Charing Cross; or to

T. BEATTIE-CAMPELL, *Secretary*.**LEGACIES ARE ALSO ESPECIALLY SOLICITED.**

THE CLAIMS OF VOLUNTARY SCHOOLS.

Present controversy on the claims of Voluntary schools has had, at least, two indisputably good results. The public has clearly seen the extent and value of the Church's past services to elementary education; and the Church has learnt to measure her future task, and to take heart for it.

We write on behalf of a district which has claims upon the nation second to none, and in which the educational work of the Church is beset with such special difficulties that men's hearts may easily fail them in its contemplation.

The Diocese of Rochester contains, besides Chatham, Gravesend, &c., the whole area of South London—many miles of squalid tenements, closely packed with poor and struggling workers, far removed from the few districts in the Diocese which are able to give them help.

What the importance of the school is as a social, civic, and religious influence in such a region needs no telling; and whatever duty the Church has in regard to the schools must be here, at once, most urgent and most difficult.

The record of the past three years is that, under the stimulus of the well-known Circular of the Department, £125,000 has been given and spent by Churchmen in the diocese upon fabrics alone; and what were, in some cases, dingy, ill-ventilated buildings, have been transformed into bright and wholesome schools.

The task thus laid upon the Church was heavy, because she had been at work educating the poor long before any State aid was given—in some cases even in the last century—so the buildings were often antiquated, and that especially in parishes such as those on the river bank, which, because they were the oldest centres of population, had become the poorest.

This heavy work would have been impossible if the Diocesan Board of Education had not been able (besides much indirect aid and encouragement) to make grants which have amounted to £3,583.

Now, as to the future.

We need £1,000 to complete the work of defence and repair, by paying grants, which we have conditionally promised, and relieving managers who have pledged their private resources to architects and builders.

But we would fain also recover lost ground. In the panic after 1870 the Diocese lost about fifty schools (in the last thirteen years she has only lost three). We are inquiring into the condition and present use of these buildings. We hope to recover some of them. It would immensely assist us to do so if a few Churchmen would promise us a definite sum, upon which we could make a proportionate claim for every reopened school.

And then there is new ground. What that means, an hour or so spent in Battersea, Greenwich, Plumstead, and many other districts would quickly and vividly show, by the token of a vast acreage of newly sprung and ever-extending streets. It is not right that, in such neighbourhoods, all the parents should be forced to send their children to the Board schools for lack of Church schools, and it has been proved that many of them prefer Church schools, even where the premises are homely, and they only have tens, where the Board schools have hundreds, of children.

Since 1870, seventy-two new parishes have been formed in the Diocese, but only sixteen have been supplied with Church schools. This is not surprising, seeing that the Church and endowment have had to be provided. Some of the new parishes are now anxious to have schools, and in several cases sites are awaiting us if they can be promptly occupied. But Church schools can only be built in such districts by a large measure of central help and encouragement, and we should be thankful, indeed, if our Diocesan Board had a sum of £5,000, which it could turn to excellent account, by making loans on new school buildings. We ought to have as much more to make grants, given on condition that treble the amount is raised from other sources.

There is no doubt that we ought to ask to be entrusted with £11,000 for the work of the next five years.

Considering the scale and the importance of the work, is it too large a demand, or larger than the attitude which the Church has taken towards the Government and Parliament in the matter of her schools, entitles, or rather bids, us to make?

Are there not those who have made fortunes by the labours of South Londoners, or by the sale of their land to the speculative builder, who will recognize the debt which they owe, and make the Diocesan Board their almoner?

Contributions to this work will be gladly received by the Bishop of Rochester; by the Secretary of the Board, the Rev. A. W. Maplesden, The Church Institute, Upper Tooting; or by the Westminster Branch of the London and County Bank.

EDWARD ROFFEN.
HUYSHÉ SOUTHWARK.
CHARLES BURNEY.
J. ERSKINE CLARKE.
C. E. BROOKE.

Bishop's House, Kennington:
16 March, 1896.

London Diocesan Board of Education.

AN APPEAL ON BEHALF

OF THE

CHURCH SCHOOLS OF LONDON.

WE, the undersigned members and supporters of the London Diocesan Board of Education, appeal most earnestly to Churchmen, and to all who value the preservation of Christian Education in our Public Elementary Schools, for funds to enable the Diocesan Board to maintain in efficiency the work in which it has been engaged for more than half a century, and to place that work upon a more permanent financial footing.

We have every reason to expect that, during the coming year, Voluntary schools will receive from the Legislature, in some form or another, the assistance they both need and deserve. We are therefore anxious that the Schools dependent upon the Board for support may be in a position to take the utmost advantage of that relief.

There are many schools in the poorer parts of the Diocese which have long been maintained by the most praiseworthy exertions of Churchmen, in the face of the greatest difficulties and of severe pressure. The Diocesan Board has, from time to time, been compelled to undertake the financial management of twenty-two such schools, with fifty-six departments, and more than 13,000 children on the books, in order to give relief to the local managers, and so prevent their abandonment. The majority of these, and, indeed, of all our Church Schools, are among the most popular and efficient within the London School Board area; and to lose any of them would be little short of disastrous to the cause of religious education.

It has been carefully estimated that, to meet the present need, a sum of £6,000 is absolutely required. We therefore earnestly commend the London Diocesan Board and its work to the sympathy and liberal support of the Church-people of London; and we would impress upon them that, if liberal assistance is promptly forthcoming, the relief so given will be permanent in its effect.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

WESTMINSTER.

WINCHILSEA.

ALDENHAM.

EGERTON OF TATTON.

GRIMTHORPE.

G. G. BRADLEY, Dean of Westminster.

T. DYKE ACLAND.

FRANCIS S. POWELL, M.P.

EDWARD CARR GLYN, Vicar of Kensington and Rural Dean.

JOHN G. TALEOT, M.P.

W. H. BARLOW, D.D., Vicar of Islington and Rural Dean.

E. A. EARDLEY-WILMOT, Prebendary of Wells and Vicar of St. Jude's, South Kensington.

H. W. P. RICHARDS, Prebendary of St. Paul's and Rector of St. Giles-in-the-Fields.

DAVID ANDERSON, Rector of St. George's, Hanover Square.

RICHARD BENYON, J.P. for Berks.

WILLIAM BOUSFIELD, 20 Hyde Park Gate, W.

RICHARD FOSTER, 48 Moorgate Street, E.C.

F. B. PALMER, Glaisdale, Streatham, S.W.

H. W. PRESCOTT, 50 Cornhill, E.C.

J. A. SHAW STEWART, 71 Eaton Place, S.W.

G. A. SPOTTISWOODE, 3 Cadogan Square, S.W.

Annual Subscriptions and Donations to the General and Poor Schools Relief Fund of the London Diocesan Board of Education should be made payable to JOHN HILL, Esq., Financial Secretary to the Board, Church House, Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W., or may be paid through Lloyds Bank, Limited (Herries, Farquhar Branch), 16 St. James's Street, S.W.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE BRIGHTEST and LIGHTEST, the PRETTIEST and LIVELIEST EVENING RESORT in all LONDON is the **CRYSTAL PALACE**. The North Tower Garden in fine weather, and the Grand Central Nave in inclement weather, both brilliantly illuminated and enlivened with bright and popular music, vocal and instrumental, make it a veritable Fairy Palace.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FIRST LONDON INTERNATIONAL HORSE-DRAWN and HORSELESS CARRIAGE EXHIBITION NOW OPEN. The GREATEST HISTORICAL CARRIAGE SHOW of the CENTURY. The Queen's First Carriage. The Prince Imperial's First Carriage. The Speaker's State Coach. The Lord Mayor's State Coach. The "Iron Duke's" Carriage. The Original Brougham built for Lord Brougham. Lord Lonsdale's famous Buggy. The late Lord Randolph Churchill's Cape Spider, used by him in South Africa. Henry Grattan's Carriage. Old Postchaise. French Tilbury. Mr. Gladstone's State Coach. Saddles and Harness from the Royal Stables. Chronological Collection of Cycles, &c. No extra charge.

HORSELESS CARRIAGE DRIVES in Lovely Grounds of Crystal Palace, from 12 noon till 2, and from 3 till 6 p.m., DAILY.

BURMESE VILLAGE.—CRYSTAL PALACE.—Burmese Silver Workers, Burmese Silk Weavers, Burmese Tapestry Workers, Burmese Cigar Makers, Burmese Tattooers. Extraordinary Display by Burmese Football Players, Burmese Wrestlers, Boxers, Dancers, Marionettes, &c., DAILY, at 3, 6, and 8 (3d. and 6d.)

ROYAL OPERA COVENT GARDEN.—Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager. GRAND OPERA SEASON. Box Office now open.—For full particulars see Daily Papers.

GRAVES' GALLERIES. JAMESON'S LAST STAND.

By R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.
SUMMER EXHIBITION OF PICTURES.
NOW OPEN, 6 PALL MALL.
10 to 6. ADMISSION ONE SHILLING, including Catalogue.

REVERSIONS and LIFE INTERESTS in Landed or Funded Property or other Securities and Annuities PURCHASED or Loans granted thereon, by the **EQUITABLE REVERSIONARY INTEREST SOCIETY (Limited)**, 10 Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand. Established 1835. Capital, £500,000.

THE BUFFELSDOORN ESTATE AND GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Profit and Loss Account No. 2. Revenue and Expenditure for Year ending February 29, 1896.

Dr.		
TO DEPRECIATION WRITTEN OFF AT 5 PER CENT.—		
Machinery and plant	£7,345 14 2	
Buildings	2,289 3 2	
Tramways	25 0 0	
Cyanide Works	327 4 8	
Assay	25 0 0	
Live Stock	35 17 0	
Furniture	75 0 3	
		£10,122 19 3
" PROSPECTING ACCOUNT—		
Diamond Drill on Dips	697 4 11	
Coal	450 7 0	
Black Reef	910 7 7	
		2,057 19 8
" INSURANCE FUND		
	2,000 0 0	
" BONUS DISTRIBUTION ACCOUNT NO. 1		
	440,000 0 0	
" Balance from Profit and Loss No. 1 Account,		
Revenue and Expenditure	3,592 16 0	
" BALANCE	24,295 19 11	
		£483,069 14 8
By BALANCE FROM LAST ACCOUNT		
	£39,366 14 8	
" PROFIT ON SALE OF 50,000 RESERVE		
SHARES AT 60 PER CENT.	£100,000 0 0	
" PROFIT ON SALE OF 150,000 BUFFELS A		
SHARES AT 55s.	343,803 0 0	
		£443,803 0 0
		483,069 14 8
Cr.		
BLAIKIE & PEIRSON, Secretaries.	H. A. ROGERS, E. BRAYSHAW, E. J. PYBUS, C. L. ANDERSSON } Directors.	
Johannesburg, 4 April, 1896.	Examined and found correct,	Auditors.

EDUCATIONAL.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—An EXAMINATION to fill up not less than EIGHT RESIDENT and FIVE NON-RESIDENT SCHOLARSHIPS and THREE valuable EXHIBITIONS will take place in July next. Details may be obtained from the HEAD-MASTER, 15 Dean's Yard, Westminster.

RADLEY COLLEGE, Scholarships 1896. Two of £80, one of £50, one of £40. Election, July 17. For particulars apply to the WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

PIXHOLME, DORKING.—BOYS are prepared for the PUBLIC SCHOOLS and ROYAL NAVY. Inclusive fees, 80 or 100 Guineas a year, according to age. Boys under six years of age are taught in the Kinder Garten Department by a fully trained teacher. Fees, 60 Guineas a year. Principal, Miss BRAHAM (Cambridge Higher Local Certificate in Honours).

BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL, TIVERTON.—An EXAMINATION for TEN SCHOLARSHIPS (Classical and Modern) at the School and in London concurrently, June 12. Full particulars from the HEAD MASTER.

COMMERCIAL.

WM. & GEO. LAW. COFFEE—SUGAR—TEA.

104 NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.

H. HALFORD

and

COMPANY,

STOCK BROKERS,

70 and 71

Palmerston Buildings,

Old Broad Street,

London.

Established 1869.

Business at close prices.

Speculative Accounts opened.

Dealings reported by wire if required.

Full particulars on application.

Prompt Settlements.

Thousands of Testimonials from Clients.

African and Australian Mines—a Speciality.

Lists of Closing Prices gratis.

Bankers, Parr's and Alliance Bank, Limited.

Telegrams: "Monitor, London."

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER FIRM.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.

THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED. FIRE.
Est. 1803.—1 OLD BROAD ST., E.C.; and 22 PALL MALL, S.W.
Subscribed Capital, £1,500,000. Paid-up, £500,000. Total Funds, over £1,500,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

FOUNDED 1848.

INVESTED FUNDS £23,000,000.

P. and O. MAIL STEAMERS FROM LONDON TO
BOMBAY, GIBRALTAR, MALTA, BRINDISI,
EGYPT, ADEN, and MADRAS via BOMBAY . . . every week
STRAITS, CHINA, and JAPAN
CALCUTTA, COLOMBO, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA, and NAPLES . . . every fortnight
VENICE and BRINDISI to EGYPT and the EAST . . . every three weeks.

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.

For particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 122 Leadenhall Street, E.C., or 25 Cockspar Street, London, S.W.

UNION LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS FOR SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD AND DIAMOND FIELDS.

WEEKLY SAILINGS from SOUTHAMPTON.

Free Railway Tickets by Union Express London to Southampton.

Cheap Tickets for passengers' friends. Return Tickets to all Ports.

Apply to the UNION STEAM SHIP COMPANY, Ltd., 14 Cockspar Street, London, S.W.; and SOUTH AFRICAN-HOUSE, 94-6 Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

ORIENT COMPANY'S PLEASURE CRUISES

By the Steamships "LUSITANIA," 3,877 tons register, and "GARONNE," 3,876 tons register, leaving London as under:—

For NORWAY FIORDS and NORTH CAPE (for Midnight Sun)

10th June, for 28 days.

For the NORWAY FIORDS, 3rd June, for 21 days.

For NORWAY FIORDS, VADSÖ (for Solar Eclipse), and SPITZBERGEN, 11th July, for 15 days.

For NORWAY FIORDS, 2nd July, for 27 days.

At the most Northerly point of this Cruise the Sun will be above the horizon at midnight.

For COPENHAGEN, STOCKHOLM, ST. PETERSBURG, KIEL, the BALTIC CANAL, &c.

25th August, for 28 days.

String Band, Electric Light, High-class Cuisine.

Managers: F. GREEN & CO. Head Offices: Fenchurch Avenue.

For passage apply to the latter firm, at 1 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the West-End Branch Office, 25 Cockspar Street, London, S.W.

THE SCOTTISH EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, ESTABLISHED 1831.

Head Office: 26 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.
Accumulated Funds, £3,706,098.

Mutual Life Assurance at Lowest Cost.
Rates for the Insurance of £100, under the Immediate Bonus Plan.

Ages	20	30	40	50	60
Annual Premium	£1 12 0	£1 18 8	£2 12 2	£3 15 10	£5 10 3

Endowment Assurances on Unusually Favourable Terms.

Write for the New Prospectus to the Head Office, or to the
London Office: 69 King William Street, City, E.C.
Manager: T. B. SPRAGUE, M.A., LL.D. London Secretary: W. T. GRAY, F.I.A.

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA. ORIENT LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY for
the above COLONIES, calling at PLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, SUEZ, and
COLOMBO.

Managers: F. GREEN & CO. Head Offices:
[ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO.] Fenchurch Avenue, London.
For passage apply to the latter firm at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to
the Branch Office, 16 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

BOOKS.

H. SOTHERAN & CO.

BOOKSELLERS, BOOKBINDERS, and PUBLISHERS.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR PRIVATE BOOKBUYERS AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS IN
INDIA, THE COLONIES, AMERICA, AND ABROAD.

A Monthly Catalogue; Specimen Number post free.

LIBRARIES PURCHASED OR VALUED; AND CATALOGUED AND ARRANGED.

Telegraphic Address: "BOOKMEN, LONDON." Code: UNICODE.

140 STRAND, W.C., and 37 PICCADILLY, W., LONDON.

AGENCY FOR AMERICAN BOOKS.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, PUBLISHERS & BOOK-
SELLERS, of 27 and 29 West 23rd Street, New York, and 24 BEDFORD
STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C., desire to call the attention of the
READING PUBLIC to the excellent facilities presented by their Branch House in
London for filling, on the most favourable terms, orders for their own STANDARD
PUBLICATIONS, and for ALL AMERICAN BOOKS and PERIODICALS.

CATALOGUE sent on application.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

JUNE 1896.

THE TRUE MOTIVE AND REASON OF DR. JAMESON'S RAID. By
G. SEYMOUR FORT.

SOME FLAWS IN THE EDUCATION BILL. By J. G. FITCH, LL.D.
CARDINAL MANNING'S MEMORY: FRESH LIGHTS. By REGINALD G.
WILBERFORCE.

AMERICA AS A POWER. By ALEXANDER MACLURE.
MUTUAL AID AMONGST OURSELVES. By PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

NATURAL REQUITAL. By NORMAN PEARSON.
THE REGULATION OF STREET MUSIC. By J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

MURDER BY MEASLES. By F. J. WALDO, M.D., and DAVID WALSH, M.B.
"ROUND PEGS IN SQUARE HOLES." By B. M. GODSALL.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. By FREDERIC HARRISON.
DID CHAUCER MEET PETRARCH? By J. J. JUSSERAND.

ACHTHAR: the Story of a Queen. By CORNELIA SORABJI.
HAS OUR ARMY GROWN WITH OUR EMPIRE? By Lieut.-Col. ADYE.

A PLEA FOR THE RESURRECTION OF HERALDRY. By EVERARD
GREEN (*Rouge Dragon*).

SHERIDAN. By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE.

LONDON: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO., LTD.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

Edited by W. L. COURTNEY.

JUNE.

MR. RHODES AND THE TRANSVAAL. By AN IMPERIALIST.

JUDE THE OBSCURE. By Professor R. Y. TYRRELL.

RUSSIA AND ENGLAND IN THE FAR EAST. By W.

THE IRISH LAND BILL. By Judge O'CONNOR MORRIS.

TWO ARTICLES ON PERSIA. By Dr. J. C. WILLS and JAMES MEW.

OUR NEGLECTED TORIES. By H. D. TRAILL.

DETERIORATION OF SOUL. By VERNON LEE.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND THE NEW GALLERY. By H. HEATH-
COTE STATHAM.

FROM CORDEN TO CHAMBERLAIN. By EDWARD SALMON.

THE WORK OF THE CHARTERED COMPANY. By EDWARD DICEY,
C.B.

CHAPMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Edited by OSWALD CRAWFORD.

JUNE NUMBER.

THE HERB-MOON (Serial). By JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

And SEVEN COMPLETE STORIES by

ARTHUR WILLIAM A. BECKETT, J. HARWOOD PANTING,

OCTAVE THANET, JOHN FOSTER FRASER, JOHN STAFFORD,

K. DOROTHEA EWART, and STEPHEN CRANE.

LONDON: CHAPMAN & HALL, LTD.

MR. EDWARD ARNOLD'S NEW BOOKS.

New Book by the Author of "The Roof of the World."

PERSIA REVISITED, 1895.

With some Remarks on H.I.M. Mozuffer-ed-Din Shah and
the Present Situation, 1896.

By General Sir T. E. GORDON, K.C.I.E., C.B., C.S.I.

Formerly Military Attaché and Oriental Secretary to H.M. Legation at Teheran,
Author of "The Roof of the World."

Fully Illustrated, demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. [Ready next week.]

THE CRUISE OF THE ANTARCTIC:

A VOYAGE TO THE SOUTH POLAR REGIONS IN 1895

By H. J. BULL, a Member of the Expedition.

With Illustrations by W. L. Wylie, A.R.A. and W. G. Burn Murdoch.

Demy 8vo. 15s. [Nearly ready.]

NOW READY AT ALL BOOKSELLERS.

AN ETON PLAYING-FIELD: being an

Account of the Eton College Mission in East London. By E. M. S.

PILKINGTON. Fcp. 8vo. handsomely bound, 2s. 6d.

THE BONDWOMAN: a Story of the

Northmen in Lakeland. By W. G. COLLINGWOOD, Author of "Thorstein of
the Mere," "The Life and Work of John Ruskin," &c. With Map and
a cover designed by the Author. Cloth 16mo. 3s. 6d.

[Ready Wednesday, June 3.]

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 37 BEDFORD STREET;

NEW YORK: 70 FIFTH AVENUE.

THE BADMINTON MAGAZINE

OF SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Edited by ALFRED E. T. WATSON ("Rapier").

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

No. 11 JUNE 1896.

1. THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT. By Major J. S. S. BARKER, R.A. Illustrated by Lt.-Col. R. S. S. Raden-Powell.
2. THE AMAZONS OF SHINGLE-FORD. By ANTHONY C. DEANE. Illustrated by F. S. Wilson.
3. TROUT-FISHING IN SPAIN. By MARIE DUNCAN. Illustrated by Lucien Davis.
4. LION HUNTING. By LORD DELAMERE. Illustrated by E. Caldwell.
5. A RACE IN THE SOLENT. By Admiral the Hon. VICTOR MONTAGU. Illustrated by R. T. Pritchett.
6. CYCLING IN THE HIGH ALPS. By CHAS. F. SIMOND. Illustrated by N. J. Gibb and from Photographs.
7. THE ETHICS OF MODERN GUNNERY: the Old School and the New. By ABEL CHAPMAN.
8. STAG AND CHAMOIS HUNTING IN AUSTRIA. By Count SCHLICK. Illustrated by Trevor Haddon.
9. POLO PROSPECTS, 1896. By CUTHBERT BRADLEY. Illustrated by the Author and G. H. Jalland.
10. AMUSEMENTS UNDER COVER. By WILLIAM FIGOTT.
11. OF A FLINTLOCK AND ITS OWNER. By NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS. Illustrated by H. M. Brock.
12. SPORTING PRINTS. By HEDLEY PERK. Illustrated.
13. NOTES by "RAPIER."

*. The BADMINTON MAGAZINE, Vol. II., Jan.-June, 1896, price 6s. is now ready.

LONDON: LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. 968.—JUNE 1896.—2s. 6d.

CONTENTS.

A NAVAL UTOPIA.
CARDINAL MANNING.
SOME EPISODES IN A LONG LIFE. By F. M. F. SKENE.
AN UNCROWNED KING: A ROMANCE OF HIGH POLITICS.
THE NOVELS OF JOHN GALT.
MY FRIENDS WHO CYCLE.
CAPTAIN FRANCIS LAWTON.
THE LOOKER-ON.
THE NEW OBSTRUCTION A SERIOUS DANGER.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

THE NEW REVIEW.

Edited by W. E. HENLEY.

ONE SHILLING MONTHLY. CONTENTS—JUNE.

THE ALARM IN MATABELELAND. Sir JOHN WILLOUGHBY, Bart.
EARLY DAYS IN RHODESIA. Lady HENRY PAULET.
THE BISHOP AND THE FOOTBALL. BASIL THOMSON.
EDGAR ALLAN POE. CHARLES WHIBLEY.
ARABIAN POETRY OF THE DAYS OF IGNORANCE. WILFRED
SCAWEN BLUNT.
MADE IN GERMANY.—VI. * * *
THE ASSASSINATION OF NASIRU'D-DIN SHAH. EDWARD G. BROWNE.
THE DUELLING CRAZE. KARL BLIND.
BEETHOVEN AND HIS TEN SYMPHONIES. J. F. RUNCIMAN.
THE COLOUR-PRINTS OF JAPAN: AN APPRECIATION. EDWARD
F. STRANGE.
PILLORY AND CARTS-TAIL. FRANCIS WATT.

LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN, 21 Bedford Street, W.C.

NOW READY. Fcp. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

A PLEA FOR GOD AND ASPIRATIONS FOR MAN.

By ZENO.

LONDON: KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER, & CO., LIMITED.

MESSRS. BELL'S NEW BOOKS.

MEMOIR of EDWARD CRAVEN

HAWTREY, D.D., Head Master and afterwards Provost of Eton. By FRANCIS ST. JOHN THACKERAY, M.A., F.S.A., Vicar of Mapledurham, formerly Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, and Assistant Master at Eton, Author of "Translations from Prudentius" &c. With Portrait and 3 Coloured Illustrations. [Next week.

Small crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Fcp. 8vo. 5s. net.

Uniform with "The Story of my House."

IDYLLISTS of the COUNTRY SIDE.

Being Six Commentaries concerning some of those who have apostrophized the Joys of the Open Air. By GEORGE H. ELLWANGER, Author of "The Story of my House," "The Garden's Story," &c.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

HEGEL'S PHILOSOPHY of RIGHT

(Grundlinien der Philosophie des Rechts). Translated by SAMUEL W. DYDE, M.A., D.Sc., Professor of Mental Philosophy in Queen's University, Kingston, Canada. [Next week.

Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

NEW WORK BEARING ON THE VIVISECTION QUESTION. BIOLOGICAL EXPERIMENTATION:

its Function and Limits. Including Answers to Nine Questions submitted from the Leigh-Browne Trust. By Sir BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S.

CONTENTS:—Introduction—Indispensable Experiment—Discovery of Anæsthesia—Lines of Painless Research—Causes of Disease, and Treatments—The Natural Method of Prevention of Disease—Erroneous Methods of Research—Instruction by Experiment—Experiment under Legal Enactment—A School of Preventive Medicine.

ROYAL NAVY HANDBOOKS.

EDITED BY

COMMANDER CHARLES N. ROBINSON, R.N.

"The series of naval handbooks edited by Commander Robinson has made a most hopeful beginning, and may be counted upon to supply the growing popular demand for information in regard to the Navy, on which the national existence depends." *Times*.

Crown 8vo. Illustrated, 5s. each.

NAVAL ADMINISTRATION: the Con-

stitution, Character, and Functions of the Board of Admiralty and of the Civil Departments it Directs. By Admiral Sir R. VESEY HAMILTON, G.C.B., late First Sea Lord of the Admiralty.

"It should be on the bookshelf of every one who is interested in the Navy, and should certainly be studied by every public man."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE MECHANISM of MEN-OF-WAR:

being a Description of the Machinery to be found in Modern Fighting Ships. By Fleet Engineer REGINALD C. OLDFKNOW, R.N.

"This book is a valuable contribution to the naval literature of to-day."—*Globe*.

TORPEDOES and TORPEDO-VESSELS.

With a Chapter on the Effects of Torpedo Warfare, by one who was present at the Yalu and Weihaiwei. By Lieutenant G. E. ARMSTRONG, late R.N.

"It is a valuable little book, containing an interesting amount of information.... and it can be said at once that it is excellently printed and arranged."—*Globe*.

Other Volumes to follow.

BOHN'S LIBRARIES.

NEW VOLUMES.

Vols. I. and II. now ready. Vol. III. shortly.

MOTLEY'S HISTORY of the RISE of

the DUTCH REPUBLIC. With a Biographical Introduction by MONCURE D. CONWAY, and Portrait. 3 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

COMTE'S POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY.

Translated and condensed by HARRIET MARTINEAU. With Introduction by FREDERIC HARRISON. 3 vols. 5s. each.

"Mr. Frederic Harrison has added a condensation of the concluding portion of Comte's work, omitted by Miss Martineau.

BURTON'S ANATOMY of MELAN-

CHOLY. Edited by the Rev. A. R. SHILLETO, M.A. With an Introduction by A. H. BULLEN. Portrait and Full Index. 3 vols. price 3s. 6d. each.

"Admirers of Burton's 'Anatomy' can hardly hope for a better edition. The work has been edited by the Rev. A. R. Shilleto, who, with laborious research, aided by a wide knowledge of classical literature, has traced thousands of quotations to the obscurity of their original hiding-places. Mr. Shilleto has done his difficult work exceedingly well."—*Morning Post*.

A TREATISE on WINES: their Origin,

Nature, and Varieties, with Practical Directions for Viticulture and Vinification. By J. L. W. THUDICHUM, M.D., F.R.C.P. Lond. Illustrated. 5s.

LONDON: GEORGE BELL & SONS, YORK STREET, EN.

HURST & BLACKETT'S PUBLICATIONS.

NEW AND IMPORTANT WORK BY ARTHUR RACKHAM CLEVELAND.

Now ready, at all Booksellers' and Libraries, 1 vol. large crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

WOMAN UNDER THE ENGLISH LAW.

From the Landing of the Saxons to the Present Time. By ARTHUR RACKHAM CLEVELAND.

NEW NOVEL BY L. HIGGIN.

Now ready at all the Libraries, in 3 vols. crown 8vo.

A CORNISH MAID. By L. HIGGIN.

NEW NOVEL BY MARIAN COMYN.

Now ready at all the Libraries, in 2 vols. crown 8vo.

REDIVIVA. By MARIAN COMYN.

NEW NOVEL BY ALICE PERRIN.

Now ready at all the Libraries, in 2 vols. crown 8vo.

LATE IN LIFE. By ALICE PERRIN.

SECOND EDITION.

Now ready at all the Libraries, in 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6s.

A GIRL OF YESTERDAY. By Mrs. HAY NEWTON.

NEW NOVEL BY ESME STUART.

Now ready at all the Libraries, in 3 vols. crown 8vo.

A MINE OF WEALTH. By ESME STUART

Author of "Married to Order," "Kestell of Greystone," &c.

NEW ADDITIONS TO HURST & BLACKETT'S THREE-AND-SIXPENNY SERIES.

Now ready in 1 vol. crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN. By Mrs. CRAIK.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE. By Mrs. CRAIK.

CHRISTIAN'S MISTAKE. By Mrs. CRAIK.

A NOBLE LIFE. By Mrs. CRAIK.

A WOMAN'S KINGDOM. By Mrs. CRAIK.

LONDON: HURST & BLACKETT, LIMITED, 13 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

B. T. BATSFORD'S NEW BOOKS.

JUST PUBLISHED. Price £4 4s. net, in half-morocco binding.

LONDON CHURCHES OF THE XVIIth AND XVIIIth CENTURIES.

A Selection of the most Remarkable Ecclesiastical Buildings, including St. Paul's Cathedral, erected within and around the Ancient City Walls between the years 1630 and 1730, from the designs of INIGO JONES, Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN, NICHOLAS HAWKSMOOR, and GIBBS. Illustrated in a series of 64 Artistic Plates, about 14 in. by 11 in., reproduced in the most perfect manner from exceptionally fine Photographs, taken expressly for the work. Accompanied by Ground Plans drawn to scale, and a variety of interesting details in Wood and Metal, with Historical and Descriptive Text. By GEORGE H. BIRCH, F.S.A.

"Mr. Birch's beautiful volume will delight all lovers of London, and instruct all students of architecture by its splendid and authentic illustrations of so many of the greatest works of the greatest of English architects."—*Times*.

"It is superbly illustrated.... and its sixty-four full-page plates are unsurpassed examples of the use of photography in book illustration."—*Daily News*.

JUST READY. Containing upwards of 300 pages, with 115 Plates, mostly from Photographs, and other Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo. cloth gilt, 12s. 6d.

A HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE. For

the Student, Craftsman, and Amateur. Being a Comparative View of the Historical Styles from the Earliest Period. By BANISTER FLETCHER, F.R.I.B.A., Professor of Architecture in King's College, London, and BANISTER F. FLETCHER, A.R.I.B.A.

"A volume of no more than 300 moderate pages covering the whole field of architecture from the Pyramids to Pall Mall.... as complete as it well can be."—*Times*.

"We can recall no other book, within anything like the same compass, that furnishes so clear and so large a purview of the subject."—*Daily Telegraph*.

B. T. BATSFORD, 94 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

NEW AND IMPORTANT POPULAR WORK

BY THE REV. VERNON STALEY, Author of "The Catholic Religion."

THE NATURAL RELIGION.

With Preface by the Rev. J. R. ILLINGWORTH, Bampton Lecturer, 1894. 364 pp. 8vo. cloth boards, 2s. net; by post, 2s. 3d. Cheap Edition, paper covers, 1s. net; by post, 1s. 3d. Cloth, 1s. 6d. net; by post, 1s. 9d.

This work, dealing with the foundations upon which the truths of Christianity rest answers popular objections to Christianity, and will be found useful for wide distribution in places where doubt and unbelief prevail.

MOWBRAY & CO., Oxford;

64 and 65 Farringdon Street, London, E.C. And of all Booksellers.

BOOKS.—ALL OUT OF PRINT BOOKS SUPPLIED.

No matter what the subject. Patronised by the Nobility. The most expert Book-ender extant. Please state wants.—EDWARD BAKER'S Great Bookshop, Birmingham.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.**A NEW SYSTEM OF MEDICINE.**

By MANY WRITERS.
Edited by Professor T. CLIFFORD ALLBUTT, M.D., LL.D.

To be completed in Five Volumes.
Vol. I. PROLEGOMENA and INFECTIOUS DISEASES.
Now Ready. Demy 8vo. 25s. net.

FIVE NEW NOVELS.

Crown 8vo. 6s. each.

TOM GROGAN.

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH.
With Illustrations by Charles S. Reinhart.

DENIS.

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.
By Mrs. E. M. FIELD.

SECOND EDITION NOW READY.

THE COURTSHIP OF MORRICE BUCKLER. A ROMANCE.

By A. E. W. MASON.
Author of "A Romance of Wastdale."

TIMES.—"It is a pleasure to meet a romance of historical times so vigorous, brilliant, rapid, and exciting as 'The Courtship of Morrice Buckler.' Since Mr. Stevenson's death perhaps nobody has produced anything so magically vivid as the gambling scene."

ADAM JOHNSTONE'S SON.

By F. MARION CRAWFORD.

DAILY NEWS.—"Mr. Crawford has written stories richer in incident and more powerful in intention, but we do not think that he has handled more deftly or shown a more delicate insight into tendencies that go towards making some of the more spiritual tragedies of life."

HIS HONOR AND A LADY.

By SARAH JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

Illustrated by A. D. McCormick.

NATIONAL OBSERVER.—"The story flows easily and naturally. The development of character is presented with the firm, unerring touch of perfect mastery. . . . We congratulate her warmly on the high and even level of this excellent piece of work."

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE IN EAST AFRICA. THROUGH JUNGLE AND DESERT.

By WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER, F.R.G.S.

With Illustrations from Photographs taken by the Author, and Maps.

Large 8vo. 25s. net.

A narrative of nearly two years' exploration in the region of the river Tana, to the South-West of the British East African Protectorate. It contains much interesting information about the country and its inhabitants, and recounts many hairbreadth escapes and adventures by flood and field.

Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

THE DUTIES and LIABILITIES of TRUSTEES. Six

Lectures delivered in the Inner Temple during the Hilary Sittings, 1896, at the request of the Council of Legal Education. By AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, Q.C., M.P.

ILLUSTRATED STANDARD NOVELS.—New Volume.

Illustrated by Hugh Thomson.

SENSE and SENSIBILITY. By JANE AUSTEN. With

an Introduction by AUSTIN DOBSON. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

16mo. cloth, 1s. net; Persian, 1s. 6d. net; each volume.

TENNYSON'S POEMS. The People's Edition.

Vols. 15 and 16.—IDYLLS OF THE KING, Parts 4 and 5.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1896. Price 1s.

CONTENTS:

- | | |
|---|----------------------------|
| 1. THE SECRET OF SAINT FLOREL. Chapters IV.-VI. | 3. THE ROMANCE OF A STALL. |
| 2. INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH. | 6. A FLORENTINE DESPOT. |
| 3. THE FIRST SCOTS BRIGADE. | 7. IN BIDEFORD BAY. |
| 4. AN ARM-CHAIR PHILOSOPHER. | 8. THE WHITE ROAD. |
| | 9. OLD AND NEW RADICALS. |

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Illustrated. Price 1s. 4d.

The following are the Leading Features of the JUNE Number:—
IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTH AFRICA. II. By JAMES BRYCE.
LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE ALHAMBRA. By ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL. With Pictures by Joseph Pennell.
SIR GEORGE TRESSADY. VIII. By Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD.
Mr. Keegan's Elopement. By Winston Churchill.—The Harshaw Bride. Part II. By Mary Hallock Foote. And numerous other Stories and Articles of General Interest.

THE ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE

For JUNE. Illustrated. Price 1s.

Contains, besides many Stories and Articles, Sindbad Smith & Co., by Albert Stearns (continued)—The Swordmaker's Son, by William O. Stoddard (continued).—The Story of Marco Polo, by Noah Brooks (continued)—Grizzly Phil, by Sidford F. Hemp.

MACMILLAN & CO. (LIMITED), LONDON.

MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO.'S LIST.**FUR AND FEATHER SERIES.—New Volume.**

Edited by ALFRED E. T. WATSON.

THE HARE.—Natural History. By the

Rev. H. A. MACPHERSON.—SHOOTING. By the Hon. GERALD LASCELLES.—COURSING. By CHARLES RICHARDSON.—HUNTING. By J. S. GIBBONS and G. H. LONGMAN.—COOKERY. By Col. KENNEY HERBERT. With 9 Illustrations by G. D. Giles, A. Thorburn, and C. Whympere. Crown 8vo. 5s.

THE ANNUAL REGISTER: a Review

of Public Events at Home and Abroad for the Year 1895. 8vo. 18s.

* The first part of this volume (pp. 1-221) is devoted to a *résumé* of the Political History of England during the year 1895. The events of Parliamentary Life are noted, and the principal speeches summarised. Foreign and Colonial History is dealt with in pp. 222-416. In the second part a Chronological Summary is given of the principal events of the year, both foreign and domestic: this is followed by a Retrospect of Literature, Science, and Art, and an Obituary of Eminent Persons. A full Index is an important feature of the book.

* Volumes of the ANNUAL REGISTER for the Years 1863-1894 can still be had, price 18s. each.

THE GOSPEL of EXPERIENCE; or,

The Witness of Human Life to the Truth of Revelation. Being the Boyle Lectures for 1895, delivered in the Church of St. Peter, Eaton Square. By the Rev. W. C. E. NEWBOLT, M.A., Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's Cathedral, Select Preacher before the University of Oxford, 1894-5, and Examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Ely. Crown 8vo. 5s.

A NEW ILLUSTRATED SCHOOL HISTORY OF ROME.**A HISTORY of ROME to the DEATH**

of CÆSAR. By W. W. HOW, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of Merton College, Oxford, and H. D. LEIGH, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. With 9 Lithograph Maps, 12 Maps and Plans in the Text, and numerous Illustrations from authentic Archaeological Sources. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THE FLOWER-SELLER: a Book of

Poems. By LADY LINDSAY. Crown 8vo. 5s.

"The pictures which Lady Lindsay presents to the reader are clear and true in tone, the emotions which she expresses are sincerely and sympathetically portrayed. She has made a step forward in her art, and has made it with real success: and to do this is far more desirable than to repeat an old achievement with all the certainty of triumph."—Mr. ARTHUR WAUGH in the *Daily Courier*.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., London, New York, and Bombay.

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON'S LIST.

NOW READY.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN: a Bio-

graphy. By W. FRASER RAE. Including much information derived from New Sources. With an Introduction by Sheridan's Great-Grandson, the MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA, K.P., G.C.B. In 2 vols. demy 8vo. with Portraits and other Illustrations, 25s.

NOW READY.

MY MUSICAL RECOLLECTIONS. By

WILHELM KUHE. In 1 vol. demy 8vo. with Portrait and Autographs. Price 14s.

NOW READY.

WOMEN in ENGLISH LIFE. By GEORGIANA

HILL, Author of "A History of English Dress" &c. With Frontispiece. 2 vols. demy 8vo. 28s.

NOW READY.

THE YOUNGER SONS' COOKERY BOOK.

By A YOUNGER SON'S DAUGHTER. With Illustrations. 1 vol. large crown 8vo. 6s.

NEW NOVELS.

AT ALL LIBRARIES AND BOOKSELLERS.

NOW READY.

THE MAN WHO DISAPPEARED. By

RIVINGTON PYKE. In 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6s.

NOW READY.

LORD HEVER. By PERCY HULBURD, Author

of "The Romance of Shere Mote" &c. In 2 vols. crown 8vo. 12s.

NOW READY.

HONOR ORMTHWAITE. By the Author of

"Lady Jean's Vagaries." In 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6s.

NOW READY.

WISDOM'S FOLLY. By A. V. DUTTON,

Author of "Therics" &c. In 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6s.

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

PUBLISHERS IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

MESSRS. RIVINGTON, PERCIVAL & CO.'S LIST

SECOND EDITION, REVISED, in 2 vols. crown 8vo. 16s.

OLD TOURAINE :

The Life and History of the famous Châteaux of France, with numerous Illustrations.
By THEODORE ANDREA COOK, B.A., sometime Scholar of Wadham College, Oxford.

There are still a few Copies left of the Large-paper *Edition de luxe*, signed and numbered, with the Illustrations hand-printed upon Japanese paper and mounted, price 45 ss. net each.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED and ENLARGED, crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

NOTES ON TOBOGGANING AT ST. MORITZ.

With numerous Illustrations.
By THEODORE ANDREA COOK, B.A., Author of "Old Touraine."

SECOND EDITION, demy 8vo. with Maps, 16s.

VENICE :

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE REPUBLIC.
By HORATIO F. BROWN, Author of "Life on the Lagoons."

SECOND EDITION, REVISED, crown 8vo. with numerous Illustrations, 6s.

LIFE ON THE LAGOONS.

By HORATIO F. BROWN, Author of "Venice: an Historical Sketch."

2 vols. crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. each, sold *sepa* at 4s.

FRANCE OF TO-DAY.

A SURVEY, COMPARATIVE AND RETROSPECTIVE.
By M. BETHAM EDWARDS, Officier de l'Instruction Publique de France, Editor of Arthur Young's "Travels in France."

Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

SONNETS AND OTHER POEMS.

By FREDERICK W. RAGG, M.A., Vicar of Masworth, formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge, Author of "Quorum."

Demy 8vo. 16s.

A HISTORY OF THE THEORIES OF PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION IN ENGLISH POLITICAL ECONOMY, from 1776 to 1848.

By EDWIN CANNAN, M.A., Balliol College, Oxford.

With Maps, crown 8vo.

PERIODS OF EUROPEAN HISTORY.

General Editor—ARTHUR HASSALL, M.A., Student of Christ Church, Oxford.

Period I. The Dark Ages, A.D. 476-918.

By C. W. C. OMAN, M.A., Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. 7s. 6d.

Period V. The Ascendancy of France, A.D. 1598-1715.

By H. O. WAKEMAN, M.A., Fellow of All Souls' College, and Tutor of Keble College, Oxford. 6s.

Period VI. The Balance of Power, A.D. 1715-1789.

By A. HASSALL, M.A., Student of Christ Church, Oxford. *Just published.*

Period VII. Revolutionary Europe, A.D. 1789-1815.

By H. MORSE STEPHENS, M.A., Professor of History at Cornell University, Ithaca, U.S.A. 6s.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED, crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

ESSAYS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE,

1780 to 1860.

By GEORGE SAINTSBURY, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED, crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

ESSAYS ON FRENCH NOVELISTS.

By GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

SECOND EDITION, crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

By GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

Crown 8vo. 5s.

THE UNIVERSITIES AND THE SOCIAL

PROBLEM: an Account of the University Settlement in East London.

Edited by JOHN M. KNAPP, the Oxford House, Bethnal Green.

With an Introduction by the Right Hon. Sir JOHN GORST, M.P.

SECOND EDITION, crown 8vo. 6s.

A COMPANION TO PLATO'S REPUBLIC

FOR ENGLISH READERS.

Being a Commentary adapted to Davies and Vaughan's Translation.

By BERNARD BOSANQUET, LL.D., formerly Fellow of University College, Oxford.

SECOND EDITION. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THE EGYPT OF THE HEBREWS AND

HERODOTOS.

By the Rev. A. H. SAYCE, Professor of Assyriology at Oxford.

Demy 8vo. 12s.

A NEW NATURAL THEOLOGY

BASED UPON THE DOCTRINE OF EVOLUTION.

By the Rev. J. MORRIS, M.A., Vicar of Westoe, South Shields.

Crown 8vo. 5s.

SERMONS PREACHED IN THE PARISH

CHURCH OF LEEDS, 1887-95.

By the Right Rev. E. S. TALBOT, D.D., Lord Bishop of Rochester.

Crown 8vo. 1s. 6d.

SOME TITLES AND ASPECTS OF THE

EUCCHARIST.

By the Right Rev. E. S. TALBOT, D.D., Lord Bishop of Rochester.

Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CROSS.

BEING EIGHT ADDRESSES ON THE ATONEMENT.

By the Rev. W. O. BURROWS, M.A., Principal of the Clergy School, Leeds.

PUBLISHED FOR THE EASTERN CHURCH ASSOCIATION

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

RUSSIA AND THE ENGLISH CHURCH

DURING THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

Vol. I. Containing a Correspondence between Mr. William Palmer, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and M. Koniakoff, in the years 1844-1853.

Edited by W. J. BIRKBECK, M.A., F.S.A., Magdalen College, Oxford.

Small fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

DAILY FOOTSTEPS IN THE CHURCH'S

PATH. BEING DAILY READINGS IN PROSE AND VERSE ARRANGED IN THE ORDER OF THE CHURCH'S YEAR FROM ADVENT TO ALL SAINTS' DAY.

With a Preface by the Rev. T. B. DOVER, M.A., Vicar of Old Malden, Surrey.

Demy 8vo. 25s.

HOLY MATRIMONY :

A TREATISE ON THE DIVINE LAWS OF MARRIAGE.

By OSCAR D. WATKINS, M.A., a Senior Chaplain in Her Majesty's Bengal Establishment.

Crown 8vo. With Maps and Plans.

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

With Introduction, and Notes. General Editor, the Rev. A. E. HILLARD, M.A., Assistant Master at Clifton College.

This Edition of the English Texts of the Books of the Bible is meant to provide young students with concise notes such as have been found from experience to be most useful to them.

The Book of Ruth and the First Book of Samuel.

By the Rev. P. W. H. KETTLEWELL, Assistant Master at Clifton College. *[In the press.]*

The First Book of Kings.

By the Rev. W. O. BURROWS, Principal of the Clergy School, Leeds. *[In the press.]*

St. Matthew's Gospel.

By the Rev. A. E. HILLARD. *[Shortly.]*

St. Mark's Gospel.

By the Rev. A. E. HILLARD. *[In preparation.]*

St. Luke's Gospel.

By the Rev. A. E. HILLARD. 1s. 6d. *[Already published.]*

St. John's Gospel.

By the Rev. A. E. HILLARD. *[In preparation.]*

The Acts of the Apostles.

By C. H. SPENCE, Assistant Master at Clifton College. *[In preparation.]*

Crown 8vo. 6s.

NAMES AND THEIR HISTORIES.

Alphabetically Arranged as a Handbook of Historical Geography and Topographical Nomenclature. With Appendices on Indian, Turkish, Slavonic, and German Nomenclature, and on Magyar, French Village, and English Village Names.

By ISAAC TAYLOR, M.A., Litt.D., Hon. LL.D., Canon of York.

Crown 8vo. 3s.

RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH.

A SELECTION FROM HIS MEMOIRS.

Edited by BEATRIX L. TOLLEMACHE (the Hon. Mrs. Lions Tollemache).

Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

WORDS AND DAYS.

A TABLE BOOK OF PROSE AND VERSE.

Compiled by BOWYER NICHOLS. With a Preface by GEORGE SAINTSBURY, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh.

LONDON : RIVINGTON, PERCIVAL & CO., 34 KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed for the Proprietor by SPOTTISWOODE & CO., 5 New-street Square, E.C., and Published by ALFRED CUTHBERT DAVIES at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London—Saturday, 30 May, 1896.